Saturday Review

ARCH 3, 1956 / 20¢

ILITARY STRATEGY VS.
OMMON SENSE
y B. H. Liddell Hart

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EAD SEA SCROLLS
SR's Religious Book Survey

E. N. FOR PEACE
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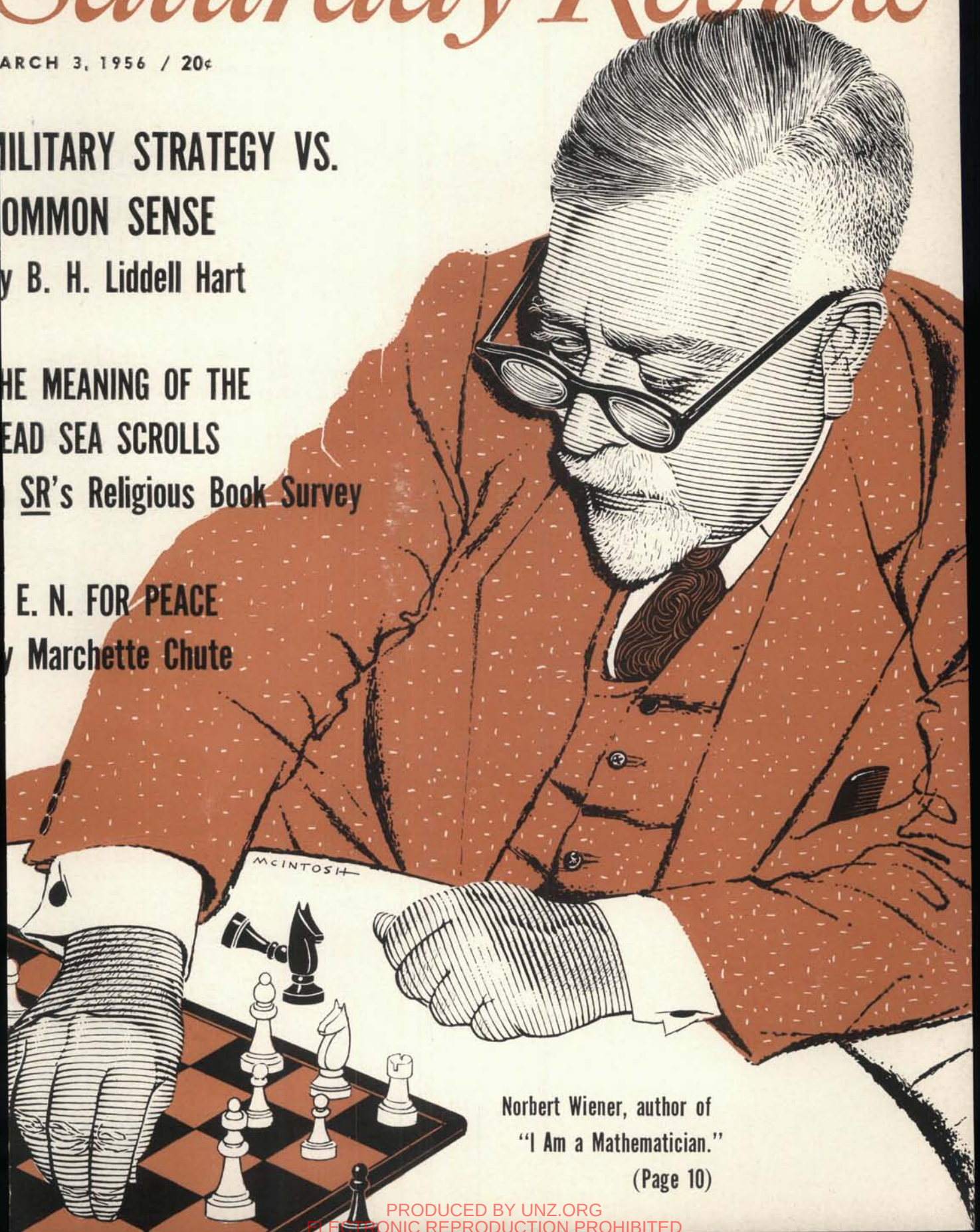

Norbert Wiener, author of
"I Am a Mathematician."
(Page 10)

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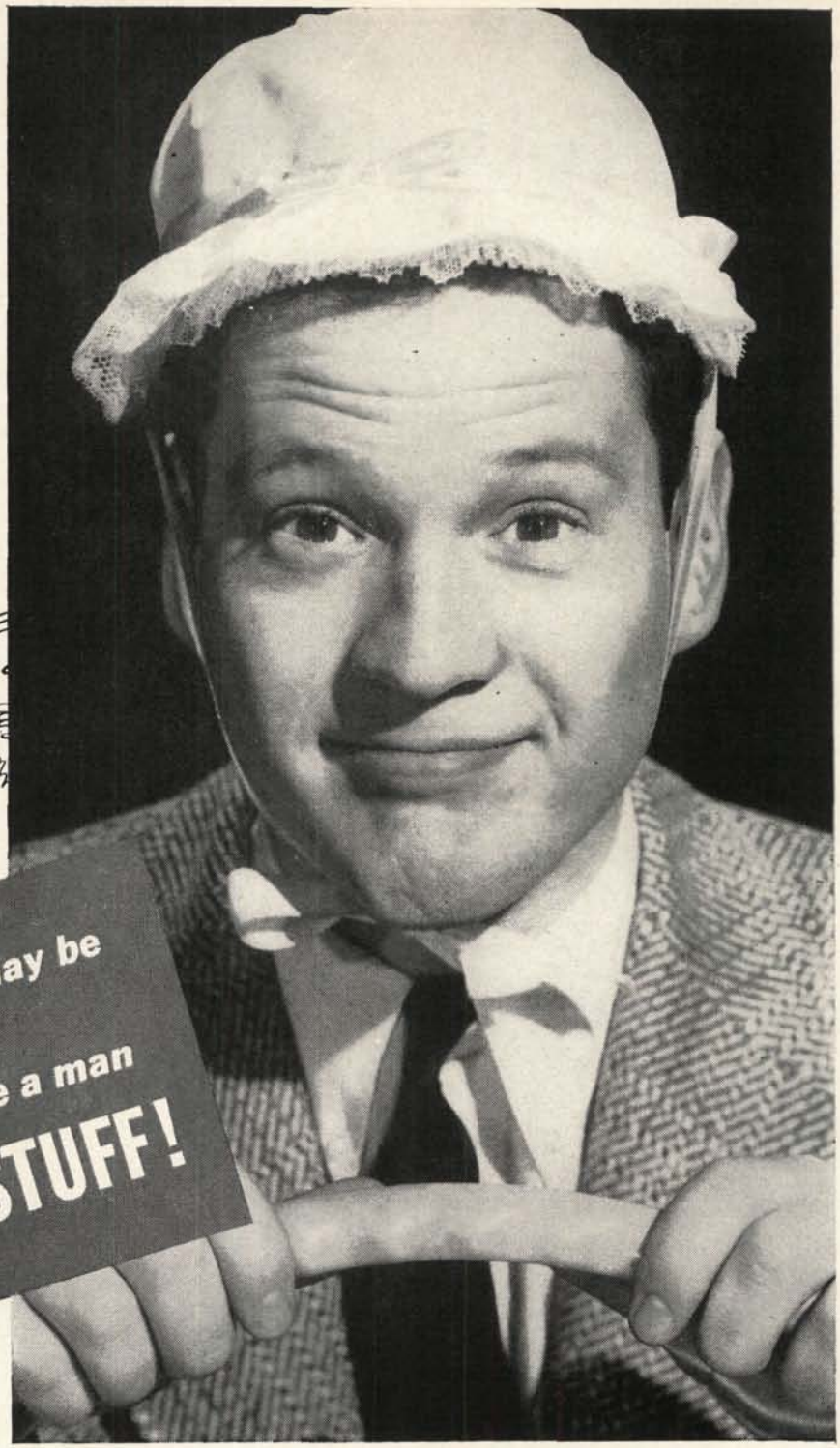

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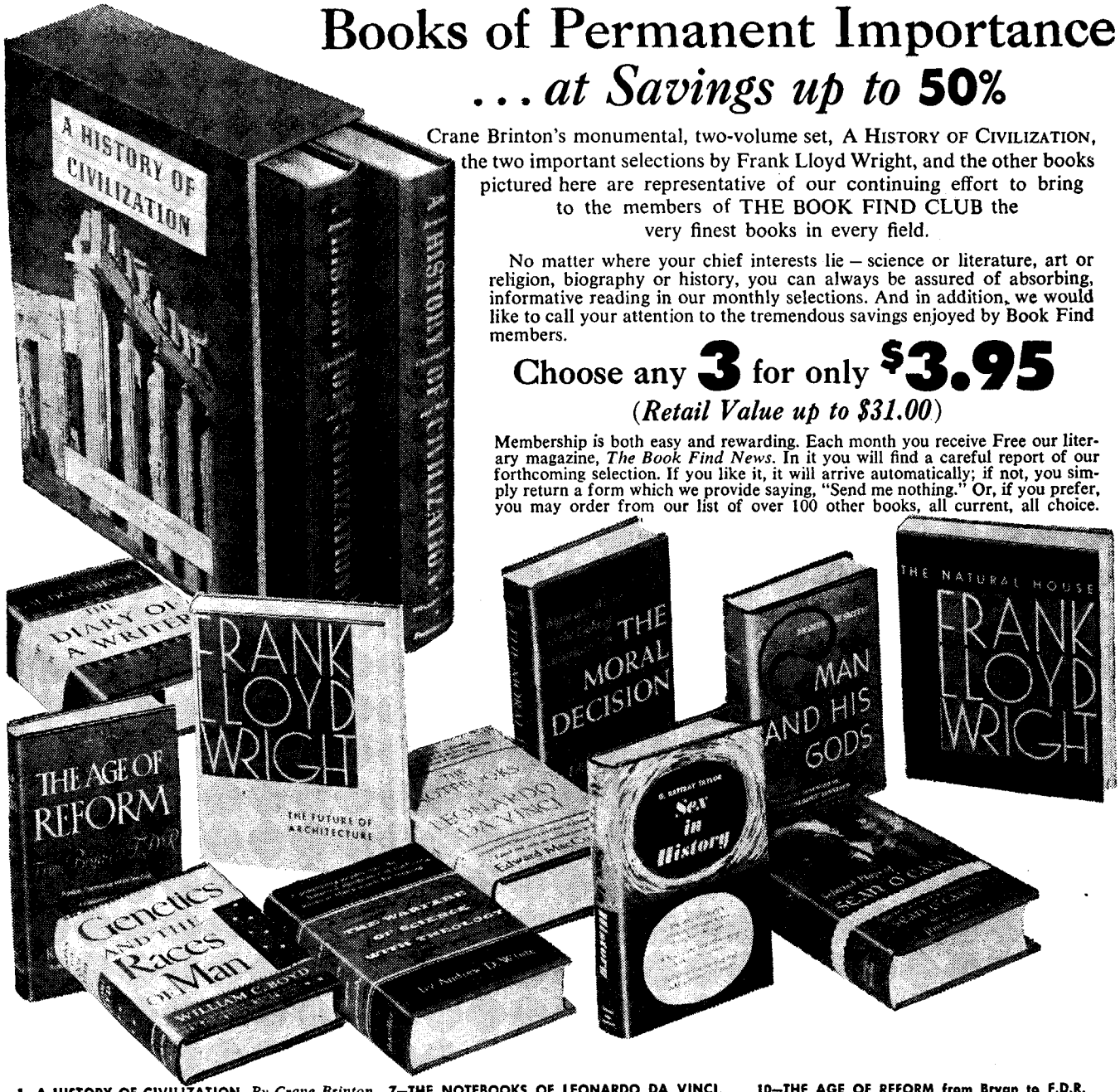

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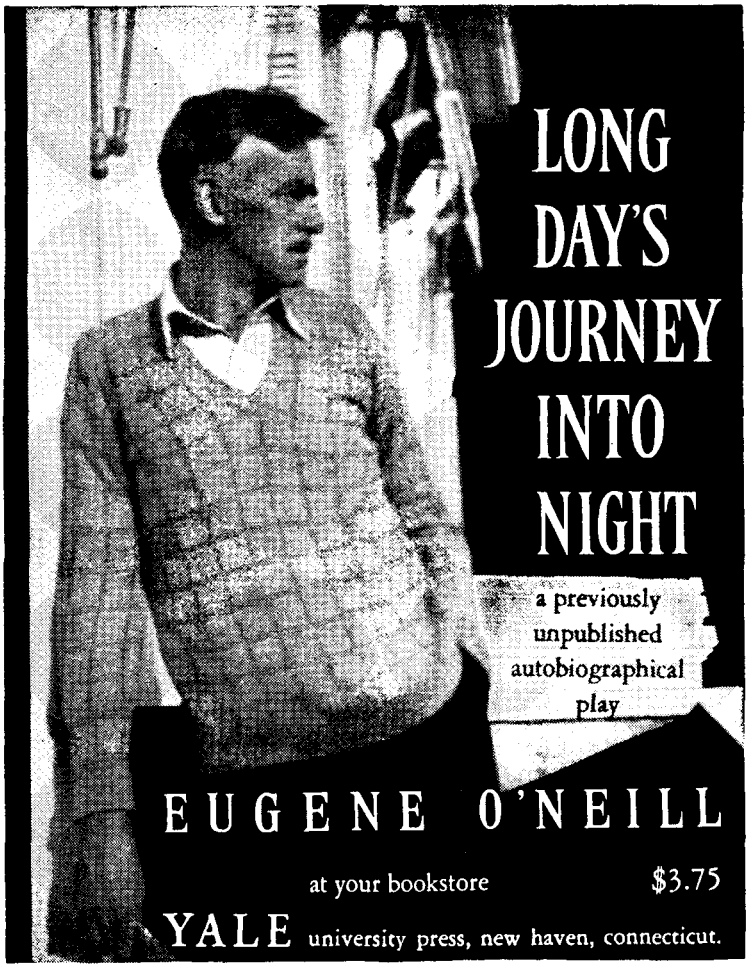

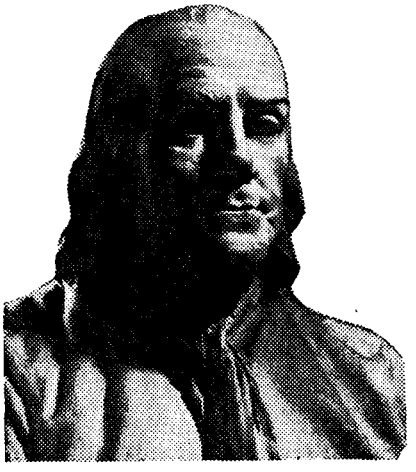

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TRADE Winds

AS GOOD A MOTION PICTURE as I've seen in years is "Picnic," based on the Broadway hit by William Inge. Director Josh Logan took his troupe into the heart of Kansas to film part of the story. Then everybody sat around while cameraman James Wong Howe waited for just the right Kansas sunset.

The one he finally settled for was a knockout. The scudding clouds gave him just the right effect. "You may think it's beautiful, but I'd hurry if I was you," an experienced Kansan told him. "This feels like tornado weather to me." Ten minutes later there was a cloudburst, and next day the company learned they had missed a devastating tornado that leveled the town of Udall less than forty miles to the south.

The outdoor scenes for "Picnic" safely in the can (there remained three weeks of indoor shooting to be done at the Columbia studio in Hollywood), Josh Logan invited all the townsfolk (many of whom had had a picnic of their own appearing as extras) to come to the Hutchinson, Kansas, movie palace and see the "rushes"—also hear words of appreciation from the cast.

"I knew Rosalind Russell, Bill Holden, and Kim Novak would get great hands," Logan told me, "but the real roar went up when Verna Felton, who played a relatively minor role, appeared on stage. And hers was the autograph all the kids fought for later. When I asked if Verna came from the Hutchinson area the answer was Shucks, no. Everybody knows Verna because she appears on a regular TV show called "December Bride"!'"

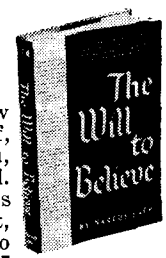
Logan salaamed before a twenty-two-inch TV screen that stood across the room. "Television is mighty," he murmured reverently, "and shall prevail."

OVERHEARD BY A PUBLISHER in Toronto: 'When we were first married we got along fine. But just as we were leaving the church. . . ." William J. Ruth, Jr. thinks it would be just dandy if Korean laws were amended to require all citizens to line up along the shores of the Yalu River to pay their income taxes, just so he could refer to the ceremony as "The Yalu Rows of Taxes". . . . "My new analyst is doing wonders for me," boasted the neurotic authoress of six minor book-club elections to her publisher. "He found me so improved this morning he let me sit up on the couch". . . . Have you heard about the Hollywood star who took so many trips to the altar they named an aisle after her? . . . . Editor of the *Treynor* (Iowa) *Record* complains that "TV is the wonderful invention which lets you watch a twenty-year-old twenty-five-cent movie for $250". . . . "Want to get a line on a man's character in a hurry?" writes Bill Vaughan. "Ask him what ten things in the last year made him maddest!". . . . One of the wisest observations I ever heard from the lips of the late father of modern advertising, Albert Lasker, was, "Remember that a truly honest man creates a variety of impressions. When *everybody* gets the same reaction to a fellow I distrust him immediately. He's playing a part. He's *creating that impression deliberately!*"

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX marks the 100th anniversary of the publication of George Meredith's first novel, "The Shaving of Shagpat," Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's "History of England." Bernard Shaw, H. Rider Haggard, William Archer, and Frank Harris were four English literary greats born in 1856. And just fifty years ago new publishers' lists were headed by John Galsworthy's "The Man of Property," Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life," and Conrad's "The Mirror of the Sea". . . . The H. W. Wilson Company's Biography Yearbook for 1955 ($6) contains 355 new profiles, including ones on Greta Garbo, Carmine De Sapio, Willie Mays, George Gobel, Juan Trippe, and Nikolai Bulganin. And, to show that those Wilson boys are on the ball, they've included Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier too. . . . The rugged timber country around Puget Sound just before the Civil War is the scene of Patricia Campbell's new novel, "The Royal Anne Tree" (Macmillan). . . . Enid Bagnold's stimulating play "The Chalk Garden" is now available in book form. . . . The Book-of-the-Month Club, over half a million strong, received a note from a new member inquiring plaintively, "Where are your meetings held? I'd like to know some of my clubmates"! . . . . There's a manuscript going the rounds called "The Pin Dropper." It's all about a pernickety character who just cannot stand silence. . . . Little,

To revive the faith you may have lost... to strengthen the faith you possess...

THE WILL TO BELIEVE



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Brown expect "A Thing of Beauty," the story of a man who gave up the ministry to become a world-renowned painter, to be A. J. Cronin's greatest success since "The Keys of the Kingdom." It's due in May.

IN "BUGLES AND A TIGER" John Masters tells of an occasion where Napoleon chided the mayor of a French town for failing to give him the customary salute of guns when he arrived for a visit. The mayor bumbled that he had not received advance notice of the Emperor's visit, that there was no one about who knew how to fire the cannon, that the powder was wet, and dangerous in this dry season to boot. Noting that Napoleon was not taking these alibis with particularly good grace, the mayor added, "Besides, Your Majesty, we have no cannon".... From Ivan Sanderson's "Living Mammals of the World" you will learn that (1) there are more brown rats in North America than there are people ("the result of the greater stamina and, frankly, common sense of the rats"); (2) you couldn't have a more docile and trustworthy pet than a hyena; (3) Vampire bats do not suck blood. They take a little nip with their very sharp teeth, then lap up the blood as it flows; (4) lions are terrified of small children and flapping laundry strung up to dry. This is the kind of thing, incidentally, that my nine-year-old son, Jonathan, laps up. He says it has arithmetic skinned nine ways to Tuesday!

WHEN JOE E. LEWIS heard that his life story, "The Joker Is Wild," had been sold to the movies for one of those astronomical sums he demanded, "Who's going to play me?" "Frank Sinatra," author Art Cohn told him. "Isn't that great?" Lewis phoned Sinatra on the spot and advised him earnestly, "Frankie Boy, don't make the same mistakes I did!". . . . They say horse stories are selling better than ever this season. Here's one about two brothers who made a respectable living for years playing the front end and rear end, respectively, of a horse on the stage. Then one day the rear-end impersonator quit—just like that. "I'm sick of the injustice of it all," he explained. "My brother would always whistle at the pretty chorus girls and pinch them—and then they'd kick the heck out of me!"

THERE'S A YOUNG LADY in Palm Springs who calls her poodle "Shakespeare." "After the Bard of Avon?" she was asked. "Of course not," she replied loftily. "After Shakespeare Ginsberg, my dramatic coach."

—BENNETT CERF.

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MILITARY STRATEGY VS. COMMON SENSE

EDITOR'S NOTE: What interests are worth dying for? How far will we let our lives be squeezed by "military necessity"? How long should we put off compromise and armistice if it looks as if war must destroy everything worthwhile? These are political questions forced on a country by events, such as the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, or to be decided by the people and their elected representatives; decades of military training don't help in finding the answers. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the famous military scholar, a man who since 1920 has been consistently ahead of the world's general staffs in projecting new weapons and tactics, has serious doubts that any of the elaborate politico-military structures created by the Western governments since 1946 will be of any use whatever in any future war. Captain Liddell Hart goes even further, to ask if "war" itself—short of a struggle for brute survival—is possible today. In light of the ICBM (see next page) his reflections amount to an overall critique of force in the modern world.

By B. H. LIDDELL HART

THE TIME has come to ask whether the military men who are advising our governments about defense are giving good advice —or whether our governments are justified in following it. Although "war" is a difficult business, and includes many subordinate arts that only experts of long professional experience can master, there is undying truth in Clemenceau's now-historic dictum, "War is too serious a business to be left to the generals."

Why is this? Why isn't it proper for a stateman to intrust himself wholly to the hands of the professional soldier, as he would to the hands of the professional doctor? First, we must remember that in recent times nations have rarely engaged in a major war more than once in a generation, so that the "military profession" is much less of a practising profession than others. Even the best peacetime training is more theoretical than practical experience. And theory and peacetime exercises tend to be governed by experience of past wars, where conditions and instruments differ largely from those of a future war. The military chiefs who are promoted in one great emergency are apt to stay on for a long time, dominating peacetime staffs and war departments, and their influence persists still longer because of the fame they acquired as the top practitioners of the profession's last practising period. They not only have a persisting influence on successors who were formerly their subordinates, but tend to have still more weight with public and political opinion. They become dominant voices for the rest of their lives on all problems of war. Naturally, they continue to think in terms of *their* war—in terms of technique that soon becomes obsolete.

If a certain skepticism is appropriate in considering the "military profession," how much more in the larger aspect of war—where strategy impinges on statecraft. What is theoretically correct in strategy may be a dangerous error in the wider sphere of policy, or "grand strategy." While strategy is concerned only with winning a campaign or a war, grand strategy has to take a wider and longer view—of "winning peace" on a good basis. Yet even the ablest civil ministers are apt to be timid about questioning military advice either in war or in preparation for defense, although it may become obvious that something is seriously wrong—that

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the generals-in-charge have not kept up with technological progress, are unimaginative, are not heart-and-soul behind the government, or are making dispositions that prejudice the political situation. Think of the tribulations of Lincoln with his generals—not resolved until the test of battle had brought to light, and to rapid promotion, the unknown and unprepossessing Grant. Think of the way the British generals of the First World War resisted the machine-gun and the tank, and the admirals resisted the convoy system, until the dynamic and irreverent Lloyd George forced their hands.

THE problem before us now is that of war in the Atomic Age, and it is all too evident that the military chiefs in charge of Western defense have not really come to grips with the problem, nor adjusted their thinking to the new conditions. Before the Communist invasion of South Korea in 1950 the Western powers placed their trust in the atomic bomb as a preventive to aggression. When that invasion showed that their trust was misplaced they hurriedly began to rebuild their armies, in order to provide a surer form of defense. The main effort was made in Europe, through the organs there created under American leadership—NATO for its political direction and SHAPE for military direction. The plans originally formulated and strength visualized when General Eisenhower took over the command in 1951 had a promise of checking a Russian invasion without recourse to the atomic bomb.

But the strength then considered as the minimum necessary was never attained. Instead, the planned scale was successively cut down or whittled away through lack of will on the part of some of the contributing governments in Europe as well as distracting developments elsewhere—particularly those which France has suffered first in Indochina and then in North Africa. In the USA, too, the eventual halt in the Korean struggle brought a demand for economy in defense expenditure.

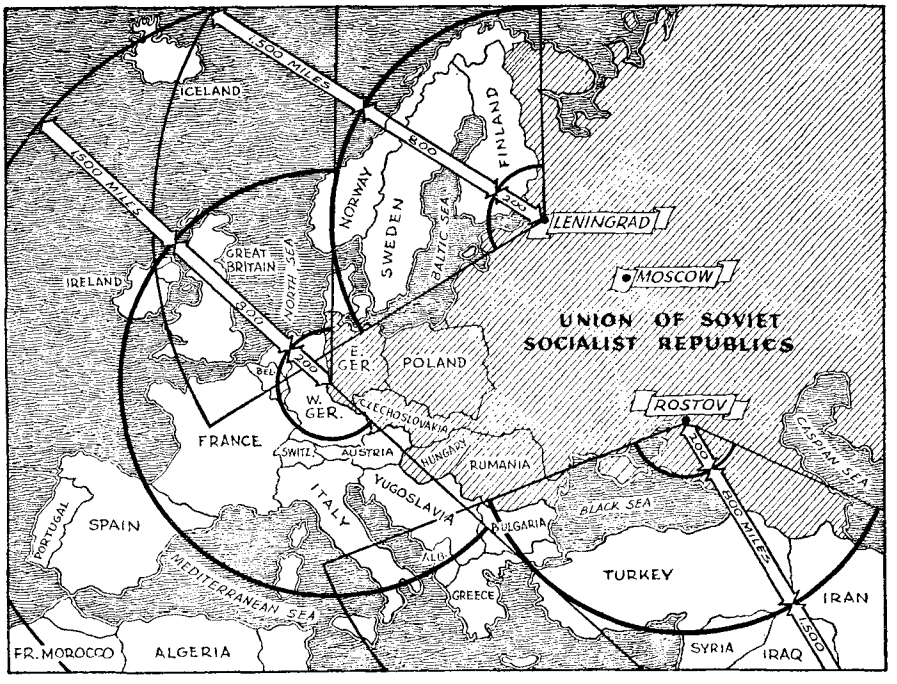
The election in 1952 of General Eisenhower and the halt in Korean hostilities brought forth a new doctrine—the New Look—which was supposed to accomplish the permanent end of American security, more cheaply and effectively than the Democrats had done. In January 1954 Mr. Dulles lifted the curtain on the strategy behind the New Look. He defined it as a basic decision "to depend primarily on a great capacity to retaliate by means and places of our own choosing." With this, he said in a subsequent explanation, "you do not need to have local defense all round the 20,000-mile perimeter of the orbit of the Soviet World." In March Vice President Nixon declared: "We have adopted a new principle. Rather than let the Communists nibble us to death all over the world in little wars, we will rely in future on massive mobile retaliatory powers." That, obviously, was a threat of strategic bombing action with the new weapons of "mass destruction." Indeed, the New Look was little more than a return to the "pure" atom-bomb theories of 1945.

In a speech that General Gruenther made to the English-Speaking Union in June 1954 he stated: "In our thinking we visualize the use of atomic bombs in the support of our ground troops. We also visualize the use of atomic bombs on targets in enemy territory." This conveyed the impression that the planners at SHAPE recognized no distinction between the localized use of tactical atomic bombs in repelling invasion and the all-out use of H-bombs and A-bombs against cities. Moreover, he declared that if war "does take place our minds are clear that we must and shall use every weapon in our arsenal."

These declarations sounded all the more ominous because of the explosion of the hydrogen bomb at Bikini on March 1, 1954. The photographs were appalling, and their effect more shattering even than the statement of the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Admiral Strauss, that *one* H-Bomb "could destroy any city." The air chiefs themselves emphasized that war with such weapons "would be general suicide and the end of civilization."

It may have been hoped that the explosion would impress the ruling

(*Continued on page 45*)



THE PUSH-BUTTON AGE: The past few weeks have briefed everyone on a peril of which engineers and planners have been aware for five years: the Superweapon—the guided missile with an atomic warhead, against which no defense is yet conceivable—is out of the space-comics and halfway into reality. The map above dramatizes the ruin to which this armament reduces the tier of treaty forces the United States and her allies have constructed in Europe. Officially, the best missile possessed by America is the "Redstone," at a range of 200 miles the equal of Germany's famed V-2. But intelligence reports the Russians are already testing an 800-mile missile, and Senator Jackson spoke in the first week of February of a 1,500-mile missile, which, if based in East Germany, would leapfrog every installation in Europe or North Africa. Last, but not least, it is known that American experts are working night and day on the ICBM (and the Russians may be ahead here, too), with range 5,000 miles—the whole world its potential target. It is hard to see how one single feature of conventional warfare—the intricate rear-area supply and command echelons, staging areas for invasions, or airfields for SAC—can be of any use against guided missiles. Yet once these arms are in the hands of military commanders, Captain Liddell Hart points out, there will be an irresistible impulse to call on them in case of hostilities. Then war is no longer war, but mutual suicide.

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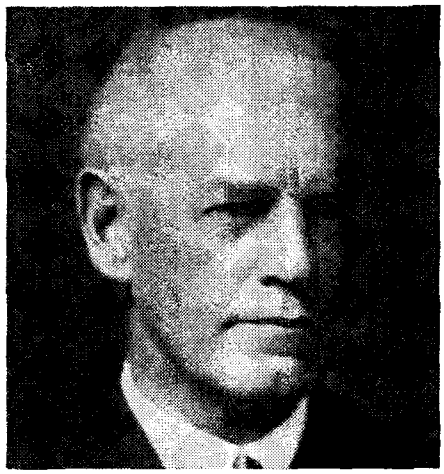
P.E.N. for PEACE

Writers and the International Spirit



—*Elliott & Fry.*

Galsworthy—"badgered writers [to] join."

By MARCHETTE CHUTE

IT IS sometimes said that writers do not enjoy each other's company. They do not wish to know each other's opinions or watch each other at dinners, and in general they are about as gregarious as porcupines.

It may be so. Writers in general are busy people and they have many things to do with their time. But if they find a good reason for sticking together they can do it, and to prove it there is in existence an international club of writers known as the P.E.N.

The P.E.N. had a small beginning. Three years after the end of the First World War an English writer named Catharine Dawson Scott was trying to finish a novel in her native Cornwall, and an idea that had nothing to do with the book she was writing kept pushing at her. She hated war and was an ardent supporter of the League of Nations; and she began to consider the increased strength that writers would have if they could meet freely with each other in a friendly interchange of ideas.

As soon as she returned to London she went to see John Galsworthy, who was an ardent internationalist and important enough to be listened to. Not everyone took Mrs. Dawson Scott seriously, for she was shabby and unworldly and as vulnerable as dedicated people are likely to be. But Galsworthy took her seriously, and he did the same for her idea.

The P.E.N. Club was born in a London restaurant on the sixth of October 1921. Since it was to be an international club it needed an international name, and someone pointed out that the opening letters of "poet," "essayist," and "novelist" were the same in most European languages. Playwrights and editors could also be included in the title, and in English P.E.N. was an easily remembered pun.

Galsworthy became the first president and served with vigor and imagination. The year before his death Galsworthy received the Nobel Prize for Literature; he made it over into a trust fund for the London P.E.N. He badgered most of the prominent writers in England into joining—"Very well," said Shaw resignedly, "I will go quietly." He persuaded Anatole France to start the first Continental center in Paris and to use his influence in spreading the idea throughout Europe.

Galsworthy was convinced that the club could stay out of politics and that its members could learn to meet on a level of friendship that ignored nationalism. Two years after the P.E.N. was born its first International Congress was to be held in London, and the committee sent a cordial invitation to England's late enemies the Germans. It even offered to pay the expenses of the delegates.

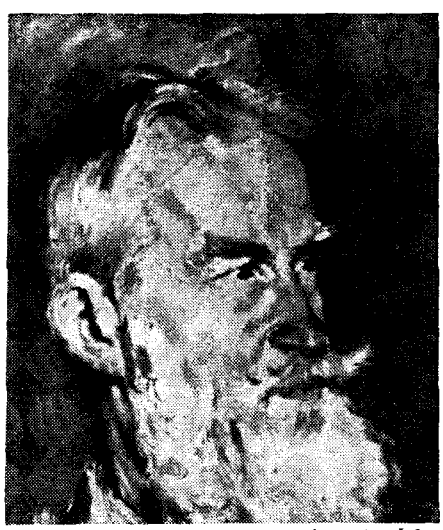
Old hates die hard; and although Gerhart Hauptmann was willing to come to the Congress, some of his fellow Germans persuaded him that he ought not to permit himself to sit at the same table with Maurice Maeterlinck. Some of the Allied delegates, in their turn, decided with equal vigor that they did not wish to sit in the same room with Hauptmann.

Nevertheless, the Executive Committee managed to keep clearly in mind the basic purpose of the P.E.N. and so did the French members when it was their turn to play host to an International Congress. Twenty-three delegates came from Germany to Paris, and the French writers made a special effort to make them feel welcome. The following year the P.E.N. Congress was held in Berlin—the first international congress of any kind to be held there since the end of the war—and from then on the writers who had been engulfed in Europe's civil war were enemies no longer.

GALSWORTHY died in 1933, which was a frightening year for writers. The dream of international good will that had inspired the P.E.N., as it had inspired so many idealistic organizations of the Twenties, had vanished under the impact of a militant nationalism much more barbaric than any of the hatreds that had been let loose in the First World War. There was a growing list of writers in exile, and when the delegates met at the P.E.N. Congress in Yugoslavia a rising fear was beginning to flow over Europe like a poisonous wave.

H. G. Wells was international president that year and presided over the tumultuous meetings of the Congress in the little opera house at Dubrovnik.

Wells, like Galsworthy, tried to keep the P.E.N. out of politics. What they were trying to achieve was an international brotherhood as nonpartisan as religion. But the pressure on writers to take sides increased, and they argued the question at the Con-



—*Augustus John*

Shaw—". . . [went] quietly."

France—"spread the idea."

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gresses with the weight of their own consciences heavy within them. At the Paris Congress of 1937 nearly everyone came armed with a resolution condemning someone else; but the resolution that was finally passed did not concern any one group or nation. It was evoked by the death of the poet Garcia Lorca, whose refusal to take part in politics had not saved him from death by shooting; and the thing condemned by the P.E.N. was not any single group of men but rather the spirit of barbarism that had been let loose upon the world.

In 1939 the World's Fair in New York combined with the American center of the P.E.N. to play host to an international meeting of writers. By that time many of them were refugees, and many more went home to concentration camps or to death. The meeting of delegates at any International Congress became impossible.

It is difficult to hate barbarism without hating the nation that practises it, and for some anguished American writers it became impossible to remember the distinction. It was the people who were in danger of their lives who remembered the basic philosophy of the P.E.N., and in that August in 1940 when the bombs began to fall on England the London office of the Club sent out a letter signed by a distinguished list of literary names. "We are not fighting only for ourselves but . . . that men should respect each other and minds should be free. . . . We do not desire and we will set our faces against revenge."

The following year the English Center of the P.E.N. was able to call an International Congress without moving outside the boundaries of its own small island. The writers of thirty-two nations were living in England. There was nowhere else round for them to go.

Nothing was more magnificently characteristic of the behavior of the English P.E.N. during the war than its decision to hold a conference to commemorate the tercentenary of Milton's "Areopagitica." The scholar who was to have presided could not come—his home had been wrecked by a flying bomb—and the hall where the meetings were held was littered with broken glass. But when E. M. Forster gave the opening address he spoke neither of war nor of hatred:

> P.E.N. is an international body. This cannot be said too often at a moment when internationalism is unfashionable . . . We are a world association of writers, not an association of British or even of Allied writers . . . We stand for all humanity, apart from the accidents of government, language, race, and color, and we must recall our position before we start talking.

ONE by one, after the war, the European centers came back to life. Most of the writers were able to return to their own countries to rebuild their lives and their careers, but the writers of fourteen nationalities found they could not go home. There was still no freedom for writers there. In the end a distinguished Polish novelist was obliged to create a new P.E.N. center that is called the Writers in Exile. Its members have formed a notable addition to the organization, for they preferred to be homeless rather than submit to dictatorship; and they stand as a memorial to the basic ideal of the P.E.N.—the thing that Storm Jameson calls "the works of a free spirit."

Wherever that spirit existed the P.E.N. was able not only to survive but to flourish. Today there are fifty-four separate centers in nations all over the world, from Ireland to New Zealand and from Belgium to Brazil.

The P.E.N. clubs have grown with special vigor in the East. A Malayan center opened last year with its headquarters in Singapore, the Pakistan center has two new branches, and India recently held its third All-India Writers' Conference. At the second of these the founder of the Indian P.E.N., Madame Sophia Wadia, had her usual task of introducing the foreign guests and she made a remark that admirably sums up the spirit of the whole organization. "I do not know why they are called foreign. I do not recognize anyone as foreign."

As soon as the war ended the P.E.N. began once more to hold its International Congresses with their engaging combination of friendliness and magnificence. It also went back to its arguments, its cliques, and its quarrels. Even the most idealistic organization finds it impossible to keep people from disliking each other, and the first meeting ever held by the P.E.N. was distinguished by the fact that Edmund Gosse refused to come because Romain Rolland had also been invited. Throughout the history of the P.E.N. there have been many private dislikes and many fundamental disagreements. But the great strength of the organization lies in the fact that it permits all sides to be heard in fierce debate, with even the most extreme factions having their say, and then tries to hammer out a reasonable compromise. Hermon Ould, after he had been international secretary of the P.E.N. for thirty years, was more proud of this vigor than of anything else. "Ideals cannot thrive in a vacuum. They thrive, as all things thrive, by their ability to hold their own against opposing forces. If the P.E.N. Charter consisted of a series of well-phrased platitudes . . . we might avoid friction but we should also avoid great occasions."

The final Charter came into existence at the Congress at Copenhagen in 1948—the product of the whole history of the P.E.N. and of all the past resolutions that had been so heatedly argued out. It had required alertness as well as idealism, for good intentions can sometimes be almost as damaging as deliberate destructiveness. Two years before the Charter was adopted, for instance, the American delegation offered a resolution reaffirming the P.E.N. championship of free speech but qualifying it with the phrase "so far as it is consistent with public order." The perennial justification of tyrannical censorship has al-

(*Continued on page* 44)

Coast Route: California

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

WHILE diesels smudge the vineyards on the hills
And fists of smoke are punching at the dark,
Whoever drives deserves the speed that kills.

If brakes sound queasy and the grind is hard,
A shift of gears might patch the road with oil:
The leader yawns, and eats his union-card.

Distance is death. Such miles were never real.
These curves would trace a sticky guarantee
For cans and spiders crushed beneath the wheel.

The rigs slow down. Sleep prods the drivers most.
As tires burn, smog limps about the shore.
Coffee must nerve the warriors of this coast:

Night slams against their faces like a door.

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SR's *Book of the Week:*

"I AM A MATHEMATICIAN"

Author: Norbert Wiener

By BRUCE BLIVEN

THEY tell a story about Norbert Wiener that goes back to the days of World War II, when he played an important part in developing the automatic fire-control mechanisms which in a fraction of a second make a series of complicated calculations to aim an anti-aircraft gun. One of these mechanisms, so the story goes, was installed on a ship at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and it was shooting erratically. The Navy wrote to Wiener at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology describing the percentage of error in the various movements of the gun muzzle, and at once received a long-distance phone call from him.

"If you will look inside the mechanism at such-and-such a place," said Wiener, "you will find that a mouse has crawled in there and died." And, of course, he was right.

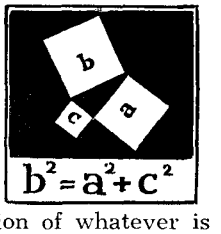
I haven't checked this story (partly for fear I would find it was false) but there is nothing inherently improbable about it. Professor Wiener is a most extraordinary person and he is always doing extraordinary things. When a delegation from the USSR was in India and was making a big fuss over Red China at a public meeting, Wiener, who happened to be present, turned out to be the only foreigner around who spoke Chinese, and cheerfully caused the Russians to lose face by demonstrating this fact. He speaks heaven knows how many other languages. A brilliant theoretical mathematician, he has done important work in half a dozen other fields of science, including electronic engineering and atomic physics; his just-published autobiography "I Am A Mathematician" (Doubleday, $5) suggests that his calculations gave the first clue to the critical mass of the "old-fashioned" uranium bomb. His mathematical work has concerned itself largely with irregular variables; as he might put it, he has more than once found serendipity in entropy.

Wiener was an authentic genius-child, as he has pointed out in an earlier autobiographical volume, "Ex-Prodigy" (1953). He learned to read at four, and at seven was studying such difficult works as those of Darwin and Charcot. He entered high school at nine, was graduated from college at fourteen, and took his Ph.D. at eighteen. The experience was very bad for him, as it is for all prodigies; luckily, educators nowadays try to prevent this sort of thing. His father, a brilliant philologist at Harvard, was a domineering, overaggressive man, who bullied young Norbert mercilessly. Both his parents were Jewish, and his mother, deeply disturbed by the anti-Semitism prevalent in Massachusetts at the turn of the century, contributed greatly (he thinks) to the boy's insecurity. In his earlier book he reports that he was thirty before he really found himself.

All his life, by his own statement, he has compensated for inward insecurity by being outwardly aggressive and, frequently, "difficult." This book, the second and final section of his autobiography, is a record of the successive triumphs, all over the world, of a brilliant, creative mathematician; yet he seems continually surprised at the unceasing series of honors that fall in his lap, and is as indignant over hostility and unfairness encountered forty years ago as though these had taken place yesterday.

Wiener is best known to the public for his work in "Cybernetics" (1948), the science of communication, organization, and control. An important point to him is the analogy between electronic computing machines and the human brain. While his writings on the subject have sold widely, I should judge that he may be disappointed by the failure of scientists in general to follow his enthusiasm for this new discipline and to share his pessimism about the unplanned future.

Among his other accomplishments, Wiener is a skilful popularizer. Some of the mathematical problems he discusses are esoteric indeed, and any serious report on them would be completely over the heads of a lay audience; but he succeeds—in several cases brilliantly—in giving the uninformed reader at least some inkling of what these phases of mathematics are all about.



MARGINAL NOTES ON A MATHEMATICIAN: "American Men of Science," the Who's Who of the laboratory, carries a block of type one and three-quarter inches deep under the name of Norbert Wiener (1895-), teacher of mathematics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology since 1919. The last word in the block is "cybernetics," a word he coined himself. His purpose in so doing was to convey the image of an automatic steersman, operating in all natural processes in response to information fed back by the motion of whatever is being steered. Wiener did not *discover* the feedback principle of cybernetics. Surgeons had known for a long time how it worked in the nerves that guide our muscles. James Watt had put it to use in a simple way on the whirling governor of his earliest steam engine. Wiener's contribution was the *application* of feedback theory to a host of complex mechanical devices. Thus he became the legitimate father of automation.

Wiener has few peers in his ability to apply mathematics to almost any kind of problem quickly and easily. His versatility in this regard is quite parallel to the extraordinary breadth in linguistics noted by Bruce Bliven in the adjoining column. Indeed, the sharpest professional criticism made of Wiener is that he fails to exert his broad-gauge knowledge as forcefully as he might in immediate stimulation of brilliant young men around him at MIT. There is one area where Wiener definitely falls short of versatility: human relations. He is a hard man to approach. He has many friends, of course; and they swear by him. But he lacks the gift of his great mathematical contemporary Dr. John von Neumann, of Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study, to make a stranger feel immediately and thoroughly at home. Even the humblest layman can ask von Neumann a question and be confident of an answer. Wiener, when questioned often, is annoyed and shows it clearly. Von Neumann sits on a lonely pinnacle all his own in the American mathematical scene. Wiener occupies a peak somewhat below him. Both men are rooted in the new mathematical tradition, where chance and the rules that govern it have come to fix odds on the once seemingly immutable, utterly dependable props of our civilization. —JOHN LEAR.

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"When I Was Very Young."

Life in a Lizzy

"The Boy in the Model T," by Stephen Longstreet *(Simon & Schuster. 308 pp. $3.95), is a nostalgic reminiscence of a post-World War I transcontinental family trek in a tin lizzy.*

By John T. Winterich

MR. LONGSTREET was a depression baby—not the depression of 1929 *ff.*, or the panic of 1837, but the crashlet of 1907. He was born in New York City under the supervision of a midwife (page Dr. Semmelweiss, please), but moved to New Jersey when he was two weeks old—one of the younger men to go west. His real home town, therefore, is New Brunswick, seat of Rutgers University and the Hall-Mills murders.

At the age of twelve Stephen Longstreet enjoyed the fascinating and memorable experience of getting a free ride across the continent and back in a Model-T Ford. His mother was a fellow passenger and occasional assistant driver, but the brunt of the operation was borne by his grandfather. The journey began on April 18, 1919, under mildly Paul-Revereish conditions, and ended at some unspecified date in the summer of 1920.

It was a go-and-stop migration, partly of necessity, partly by preference. Outside the cities (and often inside) roads were primitive to a degree that seems fantastic in our present superhighway era; after all, by 1919 people had for half a generation stopped running to the window when an automobile chugged by. Filling stations were isolated cases that looked like moonshine stills; no public realtor had yet gestated the billion-dollar idea of selling a clean toilet and five gallons of gasoline as a package deal. You made your own repairs (which were frequent) or you went without—Gramp, our hero's hero, "carried wrenches, screw drivers, and pliers in his fountain-pen pockets, and the big pockets in the back of his pants were full of short lengths of wire, carter pins, steel nuts." ("Carter" pins? Named, perhaps, for the great detective Nick Cotter.)

Either Gramp or Mrs. Longstreet or both had relatives or wartime buddies up and down and across the nation, and frequent stopovers enabled young Stephen to rest his bones (in a thoroughly literal sense) and to absorb sundry memorabilia about the human race that are here set down in detail (and that have proved of value to him in his grown-up activities as painter, playwright, novelist, and script-writer).

Gramp is quite a guy. How much he owes to himself and how much to Mr. Longstreet's reincarnation of him probably not even Mr. Longstreet himself can say. Gramp had lost a finger at Cold Harbor, and therein was rather lucky, since he offered quite a target—there was six feet four of him. He "read a lot, thick fat books: Gibbon, Pepys, the Greek stoics, Chekhov, Tolstoy, Balzac, Mark Twain" (whom he knew), and "he disliked all (other) modern novelists." Yet for all this application to letters he was very much a man of the world, a superior judge of its whiskeys and its women.

He also had a picturesque turn of phrase and was a master of profanity. These last two attributes are mandatory in at least one character in any assemblage of boyhood memoirs. Gramp was edging sixty or had crossed it when he jitneyed Stevie and Stevie's mother to California—a remarkable performance by a remarkable character.

We are today well inside the life-with-grandfather era, and Mr. Longstreet's entry is at least par for the course.

—*From "The Boy in the Model T."*

"Emma, My First Great Love."

"Gramp When I Knew Him."

Life on a Ranch

"Behind the Mountains," by Oliver La Farge *(Houghton Mifflin. 179 pp. $3), offers the memories of a girl's growing up in a remote corner of New Mexico some three decades ago. Here it is reviewed by Frank Waters, author of "The Colorado" and other books.*

By Frank Waters

WHEN I lived there twenty years ago it was still a remote backwash of northern New Mexico: a beautiful blue valley walled by the Sangre de Cristo mountains and threaded by a rutted dirt road that led north from Las Vegas and crossed over U.S. Hill to Taos.

Its first and historic settlement was Mora. Into it there crept an endless parade of old box wagons and jalopies, lines of horsemen and clumps of plodding neighbors from the little villages in the mountains. Guadalupita, Chacon, El Alto de Talco, El Alto de las Herreras, Cañoncito and El Oro, Ledoux, Gascón and Rociada—names like that. They were villages as villages were in those remote canons: a plaza, church, and store, a dozen or more stout adobes with high pitched roofs to shed winter snows. Their occupants were largely descendants of early Spanish-Colonial settlers, with a scattering of French, and occasionally a strain from the Indian pueblo of Picuris. A humble and proud, poor and primitive people lost in heaving space, becalmed in time running a few cattle in the mountain meadows and ploughing small corn milpas in the clearings.

It was not always like that—even as late as the 1920s—Oliver La Farge tells us in "Behind the Mountains." There was at least one large ranch

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running fifteen to twenty thousand head of sheep and some cattle, employing workmen and servants from the village of Rociada, and whose owner served them as a patron in the old Mexico and old New Mexico style. He was José Albino Baca, whose wife's French father, Jean Pendaries, had founded the neighboring village of Gascón. Theirs was a large family of six children including Consuelo, Oliver La Farge's wife; and in his present book La Farge records memories of their life on the ranch when they were young.

The book comprises a dozen reminiscent sketches, most of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. The children remember the wedding of a neighbor in Rociada, her big trunk and painful little slippers. Pino, the boy, drives his hero, Pascual, in a Model-T Ford past a pack of barking dogs. Pascual ropes one with his lariat and drags it until the dog's head is pulled off, and his cruelty destroys the boy's hero worship. A deep snow prevents Santa Claus from bringing a Christmas tree, but he fills the children's stockings which they have hung up for the first time. Miss Eufemia comes from Mexico to be their governess. . . . Disconnected, without chronological sequence or thematic unity, they are isolated fragments of memory told with charming simplicity.

Plotless as they are, they are not altogether pointless. Somewhere in each sketch is delicately touched the emotional core of the experience that made it remembered. Yet often the touch is too delicate to integrate the mass of interesting, objective detail in which it is imbedded.

Possibly for this reason — yet strangely too—the individual characters of the family do not stand out with bold and compelling clarity. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish one small girl from another. Don José, remains the rather godlike father; a stereotyped Spanish Don to the average reader.

It is in the subsidiary, unusual characters that Mr. La Farge's talent as a novelist is displayed. There are many of them: Pascual Orozco, the horse-thief; the Alabama Negro Canuto; the wonderfully developed character of La Tulisa, the blind woman who goes begging with her burro, "La Keety"; Miss Eufemia and her nephew, Ernesto. Through them we glimpse the people and the life in the beautiful blue valley in that twilight decade before the bottom dropped out of the price of wool on the Boston market, followed by the Great Depression and a gradually encroaching newer way of life.

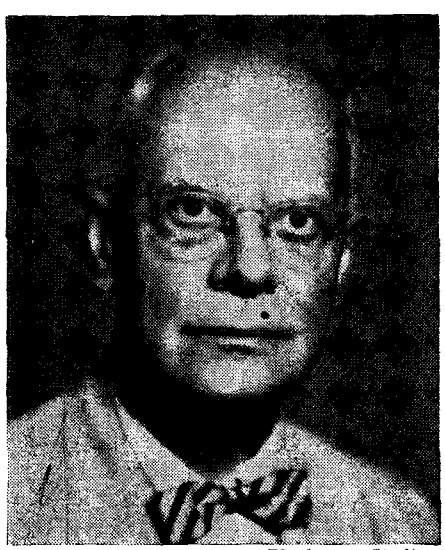
Life on the Berlin Beat

***"Always the Unexpected," by Louis P. Lochner** (Macmillan. 339 pp. $5), is a volume of reminiscences by the man who was Associated Press correspondent in Berlin during the rise and fall of Hitler. Here it is reviewed by Henry L. Bretton, assistant professor of political science at the University of Michigan and co-author of "German Democracy at Work" and other books.*

By Henry L. Bretton

THERE are distinct advantages to writing a book of reminiscences, and it is fortunate that Louis P. Lochner has elected that form rather than the autobiography for his new book, "Always the Unexpected." With only limited regard to chronology, giving his memory free reign, he has written a fascinating, kaleidoscopic commentary on people and events met and experienced during his fifteen years (1928-1942) as chief of the Associated Press's Berlin bureau which compares well with the best of its kind. As for the luxury of appearing before the public in an informal manner Lochner can well afford it. He has already made his formal contributions in "What About Germany," "The Goebbels Diaries," "Tycoons and Tyrant," and numerous other books and articles.

This is not saying that "Always the Unexpected" is unimportant or casual.



—Blackstone Studios.

Louis P. Lochner—"important Americana."

It is a most significant book written by a veteran and a master of his trade. Here is a golden opportunity for the reader to be introduced to the men and the techniques behind the overseas dispatch by a Pulitzer Prize-winner "for distinguished service as a foreign correspondent." One comes to appreciate that the life of a foreign correspondent, the everyday life, is not as glamorous as it might seem to the uninitiated. The scoop is all too frequently a matter of luck and always preceded by endless drudgery and waiting. "The lucky man is the hero of the day; the luckless one gloomily contemplates the wastebasket into which he has pitched his Unfinished Symphony which will never have a premiere."

The informality of this book has allowed the author to resist the temptations which ensnare so many of his colleagues. There are none of the ponderous strictures, sweeping generalizations, or patent prescriptions for the cure of the world's ills which are found so frequently in publications by men who spent their lives reporting the news. Instead the significance of given events or personalities is skilfully preserved, messages are subtly conveyed, by adroit use of the human-interest story, the anecdote, the prize dispatch, the vignette. For instance, few word portrayals could more effectively underline the futility of revolutionary schemes in Germany than the delightful account of the last rites over the late, lamented Herr Sylt in the Berlin of 1921. Then there is the story of the Soviet Foreign Minister who in 1922 completely sidetracked the real business at an international conference by raising an extraneous issue at the opportune moment—a perfect characterization of Soviet diplomacy since the revolution.

Although Lochner told most of his experiences under the Nazi regime in "What About Germany" he has a few poignant stories left for this book. Few incidents could better illustrate the contrast between democratic and totalitarian behavior than the démarche of the 125 members of the Berlin Foreign Press Association who collectively checkmated the Gestapo. Lochner's recollections about the Nazi period are particularly helpful today for an evaluation of reporting from behind the Iron Curtain, for the task of reporting under conditions of ex-

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treme, capricious censorship and police control presented then about the same problems as it does now.

For those who do not consider a book wholly adequate unless it contains some elements of controversy Lochner has obligingly inserted two items which undoubtedly will provoke spirited debate.

IN THE first instance professional jealousies and narrow partisanship by the Roosevelt Administration leaders are held responsible for the scuttling of a nearly successful, semi-official American peace mission to Europe in 1939. A lively controversy is indicated if one considers that Robert Sherwood in "Roosevelt and Hopkins" identifies the emissary in question, James D. Mooney, as a member of the America First Committee and as a man who "believed that Hitler was going to win and that the United States had better plan to 'do business' with him."

The other item tends to support the thesis presented by Constantine FitzGibbon in his "20 July" (*SR*, Jan. 14), namely that the United States failed to take advantage of the political and military potential offered by the German resistance movement. Lochner goes one step further and asserts that efforts to bring facts concerning the German resistance to public attention were deliberately frustrated on personal orders of President Roosevelt, "who was determined to establish the guilt of the entire German people." That controversy too will not soon subside.

The foregoing allegations and the sympathetic treatment accorded certain controversial personages may tempt some readers to arrive at hasty conclusions about the author's political leanings. This reviewer is inclined to take a broader view. To him many of Lochner's experiences reflect significant aspects of our national history. This applies particularly, though not exclusively, to his intimate association with efforts to spare the United States the horrors of two world wars. His reminiscences are therefore more than personal, partisan expressions; they represent important bits of Americana.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1144)

OLIVE ECKERSON: *MY LORD ESSEX*

He was to please the Queen's grace, to beguile her, to charm the gold right out of the royal pocket. It all had something to do with his father, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, whose money boxes were empty. . . . For his father he would give his heart's blood.

Notes

FRENZIED AND HUMAN: Zelda Popkin, a woman of ferocious courage, has written an autobiography, **"Open Every Door"** (Dutton, $3.75), that teems with emotion, passion, hatred of cruelty, bitterness, self-pity, and compassion. From her earliest childhood she has hurried from difficulty to difficulty, enduring hardships with angry nobility. As a social worker she has thrown herself into violent centers of crime, poverty, bloodshed, starvation, and war in the United States, in Europe, in Israel. During her marriage she was her husband's partner in a field which she disliked—the strange press-agent antics of the years after World War I. The choice was her husband's. She filled the many functions of wife, mother, and businesswoman with frenzied activity and human devotion. As a sideline she has written half a dozen mystery stories and a novel about the displaced persons for whom she worked as a member of the American Joint Distribution Committee in World War II.

Autobiographies can be truthful on many levels. Their authors usually make themselves the heroes of their own books. Mrs. Popkin has made her heroine a strong, durable figure whose childhood is made difficult by her environment and who subsequently throws herself headlong into difficult situations. She emerges from each with new power and new scars.

This is a painful book to read. It is also a difficult book because the author rushes like a cyclone through fields of activities without stopping for details or for style values.

—DORIS FLEISCHMAN BERNAYS.

CHARMER FROM MOSCOW: **"Nila"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) is life story of Neonila Shevko Magidoff "as told to" Willie Snow Ethridge. Is book written like speak Nila herself. For why? Why need collaborator for pidgin English? Nila—she American citizen in United States since fifteen years. O. K., she no speak—but Mrs. Ethridge, she wife editor *Louisville Courier-Journal*: why she write like Muscovite Uncle Remus? In Kentucky they so speak? I think no. Better to write like M. K. Argus in "Moscow on the Hudson" and give flavor of Russion idiom in correct syntax. But—*nitchevo*—we forget style and look on book.

Anyone who has spent part of his adulthood in the USSR has usually harvested a bumper crop of misery, and the indefatigable Nila is no exception. A grim childhood spent partly in an orphanage, a turn in the Lubyanka prison, an interlude in Siberia, and a

series of dismal tête-à-têtes with the NKVD punctuated Nila's life in her native land. Between involvements with the authorities Nila Shevko married, taught hygiene to the bathless natives of the Khirgiz Steppes, and did a one-year hitch in the merchant marine. Her first husband died a political prisoner in the wake of the 1936 purges, and Nila drifted into a job on a Government puff sheet entitled *Journal de Moscou* aimed at the French trade. Through it all Nila retained a flair for plucking roses from among the thorns; even in Siberia she adored the magnificent pumpernickel doled out to the inmates. Eventually she married the American newspaperman Robert Magidoff, and in 1941 emigrated to the United States.

Mrs. Magidoff is evidently quite a charmer, and some of the impact she must have had on the lecture circuit comes through in Mrs. Ethridge's pages—though a less frenetic diction would have been welcome.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

SICILIAN BAD MAN: The young Sicilian bandit Salvatore Giuliano was known to the American public only through occasional Sunday supplement stories and newspaper accounts of his death-by-shooting death in 1950. But to many Italians, as well as to other South Europeans, he was a flaming example of the bandit-hero. In the years since his death the Giuliano legend has flourished, and in **"Bandit"** (Harper, $4) Gavin Maxwell writes a biography of the twenty-seven-year-old whose life and death were so violent. Mr. Maxwell works hard to do a professional job—perhaps too hard. For in the absence of specific details about Giuliano he is forced to reach into Sicilian history and customs, the *mafia*, and geographical descriptions to make a full-length book. All of which impedes the real narrative, but cannot entirely kill the fire in the story of the youth who after a minor infraction of law was threatened with the *bastinado* (beating with rifle butts). Trying to escape this he shoots and kills a *carabiniere*. Slightly wounded himself, Giuliano took to the hills, where his ingenuity, courage, and ruthlessness made him a challenge to all Italian authority. He did not hesitate to kill, or order killed, any who informed against him, leaving notes on bodies which read: "So perish all who spy against Giuliano." Again, he was pure Robin Hood, tell-

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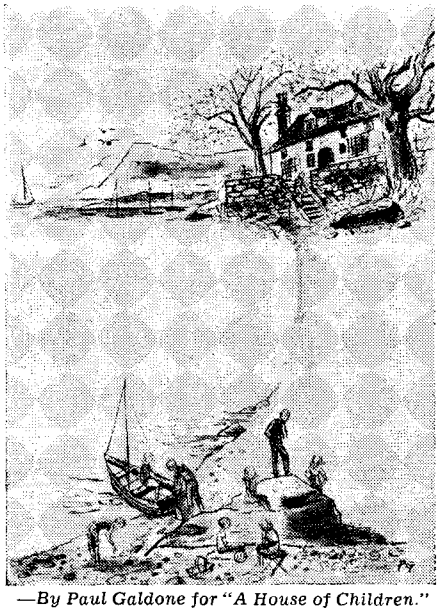
ing wealthy farmers: "If ever again you turn away a poor man and revile him you will have Giuliano to reckon with." Finally, in his account of the handsome, dashingly attired young man's death, Mr. Maxwell's book attains a brooding atmosphere almost operatic in flavor. But, again, it is impossible to be totally satisfying. For who betrayed Giuliano no one really knows. Mr. Maxwell says he does—but he won't tell. —ALLEN CHURCHILL

OLD DAYS IN EAST AFRICA: Once upon a time in the Old Africa a white hunter could make a fortune poaching ivory, and could wander about the bush indefinitely, living by his gun and his wits. But this was before the First World War, when John Alfred Jordan was still a young man. Now seventy-five, this British-born, Oregon-raised, and Africa-scarred hunter has, with John Prebble, written a colorful narrative of those wild and dangerous years in British and German East Africa. The reader may be a little annoyed with the Hemingwayesque rhetoric of these stories, but he will soon forget that as he becomes engrossed in hunts for elephant and man-eating lion, an encounter with "leopard men" (who turn out actually to be rather squalid bush-bandits), a hilarious magic competition with a witch-doctor, a barroom fist fight in a Kenya frontier town, and countless anecdotes about snake-bite, crocodile shooting, Cape buffalo, gorillas (who grieve over their dead like human beings), and pygmies. Despite their pretentious style of writing Jordan and Prebble have produced a book about Africa that has much more dash and flavor than is usual in that genre. —THOMAS E. COONEY.



—By Paul Galdone for "A House of Children."

". . . a celebration of an idyllic childhood."

FICTION

The Shimmer of Youth

***"A House of Children," by Joyce Cary** (Harper. 276 pp. $3.50), one of its author's early novels now published in this country for the first time, is an autobiographical celebration of an idyllic boyhood summer in Ireland.*

By Milton Crane

THE gratifying success of Joyce Cary's works in the United States in the past several years has sent his publishers back to those earlier novels, which long ago won him deserved renown in England. One of these, "A House of Children," now offered for the first time to American readers, shows Mr. Cary in an (to us) unfamiliar role, half-evoking, half-creating the memory of a boy's summer in Ireland in a house of children half a century ago.

Those who (with good reason) regard with misgiving every novel of childhood or adolescence, fearing an undigested mass of hypersensitive sentimentality, may be assured that Mr. Cary has brought his own highly individual approach to this material as to everything else he touches. The story of Evelyn Corner's summer in Dunamara is the story of a child's world, as blissful in its promise of eternal sunshine as Kenneth Grahame's wonderful "Golden Age." Mr. Cary himself said that he intended "A House of Children" to be "a book full of that clarity, the large skies, and wide sea views, which belong to the vision of my childhood."

All this the book is, and more. For some of Evelyn's cousins are already leaving the world of Dunamara, the gentle Frances for marriage, the unsure Robert for boarding school, the headstrong Delia for elopement with the children's former tutor, Pinto. And Evelyn himself is changing, as he abruptly realizes in the middle of the Maylins' party, a long and brilliant narrative that catches up most of the threads of the first part of the book. Until this time Evelyn and his fellows had "gathered sensations, smells, various excitements; only now and then consolidated into an idea by an accident of attention, some remark. But at the party, while Evelyn is alternately dancing sedately with his cousin Kathy and frolicking wildly, a strange boy speaks slightingly of the children's antics, and Evelyn feels himself suddenly drawn apart:

> I don't mean that nature or some mysterious power ended my childhood at eight years old. I don't know when my childhood ended or if it is all ended now. The only certain distinction I can find between childhood and maturity is that children grow in experience and look forward to novelty; that old people tend to be set. This does not mean even that children enjoy life more keenly than grown-ups, they are only more eager for experience. Grown-ups live and love, they suffer and enjoy far more intensely than children; but for the most part, on a narrower front. For the average man or woman of forty, however successful, has been so battered and crippled by various accidents that he has gradually been restricted to a small compass of enterprise. Above all, he is perplexed. He has found out numerous holes and inconsistencies in his plan of life and yet he has no time to begin the vast work of making a new one. . . . I think that is the reason for the special sadness of nearly all grown-up faces . . . you read in their lines of repose the sense that there is no time to begin again, to get things right. The greater a grown man's power of enjoyment, the stronger his faith, the deeper and more continuous his feeling of the waste of life, of happiness, of youth and love, of himself.
>
> But for children life seems endless, and they do not know a grief that has no cure.

Above all, "A House of Children" is a celebration of an idyllic childhood, caught for all time by an artist who knows that the past can be recaptured only if it is recreated. Hence, as Mr. Cary disarmingly tells us in the prefatory essay to the Carfax edition of this novel (and could not Messrs. Harper & Brothers make available all these remarkable essays in self-criticism?) the young Joyce Cary was divided for the purposes of this book into Evelyn Corner and his elder brother Harry (an invention), lest a fusion of the two characters mar the simplicity and clarity for which Mr. Cary was striving and which he so signally achieved.

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No Hunter Is Alone

"Harry Black," by David Walker *(Houghton Mifflin. 316 pp. $3.95), is a tale of big-game hunting spiked with generous dashes of love and courage, suspense and exoticism, and the dilemma of arrogance vs. humility.*

By J. G. Hitrec

IT IS probably safe to say that David Walker's novel "Harry Black" is the longest fictionalized account of a tiger hunt ever to hit a printed page and drive a reader to nail-biting. The quarry is the man-eater of Rimli, called the Bad One by the villagers of Rimli, a valley in the Himalayan foothills of Behar. The hunter—pursuer might be a better word—is a man called Harry Black, an ex-army colonel with a game leg, a man who has been soured by life and has retreated from it into an almost perfect cocoon of haughty self-sufficiency. Harry Black "thinks he walks alone." He talks tough and acts tough, a sort of combination Captain Hornblower and Francis Macomber with a clipped accent.

The story opens with Harry stalking the man-eater of Rimli and having his first crack at the Bad One. He misses and has to come back again and again. On the second or third try he is mauled and nearly killed. By that time he is no longer "alone," but surrounded by a few people who in their various ways make claims on him and jeopardize his independence. One is Desmond Tanner, an old comrade in arms and now a sugar planter at Rimli, whose bond with Harry goes back to the last war when they shared a prison camp in Germany and staged a mass escape. The other is Desmond's wife, Christian, whom Harry has met once before and secretly loved ever since. At this point, healing in their bungalow at the sugar factory, Harry falls for Christian all over again. He has always helped himself to whatever he wanted, and is now inclined to do the same with Christian, but Desmond and his friendship are in the way. There is also Rabat, an Indian army brigadier, another old friend; and Bapu, the old jungle tracker who is Harry's *shikari* and a living symbol of the sort of primitive life that Harry would gladly swap for his own complicated existence. All of these people impinge in their individual fashions on Harry's fondly-held notion that he is a "solitary" and doesn't need anyone—and he resists them obstinately.

Harry's exaggerated obsession with personal courage may have something to do with it; a man who has never been afraid is apt to look on others as inferior species. What Harry needs is a good dose of humility that will drive such Aryan nonsense from his mind. He gets it, too, and quite soon. The tiger hunt is resumed and eventually concluded, but not before Harry learns a few edifying things about courage and about the grace of being weak and humble at the right time. In one sense, therefore, Harry's quest of the man-eater of Rimli was synonymous with his search and finding of himself.

David Walker's narrative is taut and deftly paced, with a cumulative suspense that is enormous. And he is a smooth storyteller who has no qualms about picking his material and situations for utmost effect. He can be as electrifying in the jungle as in a German prison camp or on a polo field.

The story of the Bad One of Rimli is the biggest big-game adventure value you are likely to get in a long time. To paraphrase the cool and unfazeable Harry Black himself: "Personal advice. Walk to nearest book store and get book. Loads of fun!"

—*Robin Watt.*

David Walker—". . . taut . . . deftly paced."

Notes

NEW ORLEANS WITCH: Anybody knows what a witch is. It's an old lady with a hooked nose who rides a broom, had a bit part in "Macbeth," and was badly treated in New England. But in **"The Voodoo Queen"** (Putnam, $3.95) Robert Tallant, a native of New Orleans, tells us that a New Orleans witch can also be a Robin Hoodess in disguise. He does it by lightly fictionalizing the exploits and home life of a beautiful quadroon voodooienne named Marie Laveau (1794-1881) whom he labels "the last great American witch." Madame Laveau certainly emerges as a lady well worth having at one's side in any occult contest. During the past century she officiated in a host of conflicts of love, hate, and worldly ambition among Louisiana Negroes and whites. She confronted the wounded of two wars, tended the sick during the yellow-fever plagues, and shared her wealth during the great bank panic of 1837. But somehow in presenting his heroine as a wholesome do-gooder against a background of sunshine and saccharine Mr. Tallant never manages to get her off the ground. Instead of a high priestess of the dark arts Madame Laveau seems like a remarkably faithful reproduction of the lady next door, and Mr. Tallant gives the reader only a string of incidents and suppositions about a real-life person who would have been better presented as nonfiction. There is, however, one uneasy closing note: if Madame Laveau's daughter, Marie Jr., lives as long as did her illustrious mother she must be still around and operating.

—JAMES KELLY.

NEW YORK APPLE-KNOCKERS: John Brick, the young Hudson Valley novelist who has come up with a lively historical narrative every year since 1950, offers

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in **"Jubilee"** (Doubleday, $3.95) what his publishers term "a major novel of the Civil War." "Jubilee" carries a volunteer regiment of infantry recruited in Highland Landing, N. Y., through the vicissitudes of training, march, and battle, from mid-'62 to the grand finale up Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington three years later.

Its commander, Jefferson ("Ramrod") Barnes, USMA class of '61, is the ostensible hero, but he and his lady are so shallowly drawn that the regiment marches off with the honors, and in the process rescues "Jubilee" from the oblivion it would otherwise deserve. Brick has drawn his regiment from authentic prototypes.

The 195th New York is whipped into shape by "Ramrod," a martinet in whom the words Duty, Honor, and Country are deeply embedded. The Highland County Apple-knockers hate "Ramrod," but cherish unspoken pride in what he does to mold a fighting unit of them, and of course they will follow him to the very gates. We get to know these heroes and bumpkins and deadbeats in the course of an incident-packed narrative that takes it through Gettysburg, the Chattanooga, and Atlanta campaigns, and finally on Sherman's epochal march. Sherman himself, incidentally, is easily the best-realized character in the book.

The tale is effective only because we believe in the 195th New York. A few minor historical slips aside, Brick has evoked the period with real competence. —Louis M. Starr.

WORLD WITHIN LONDON: Once you have surrendered to Anthony Powell's novel, **"The Acceptance World"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50), with its promise of secret doors to be opened, you are hooked. You are calling on Uncle Giles at Ufford, a vast seedy hotel that seems forever "riding at anchor in the sluggish Bayswater tides," meeting the bosomy fortune-teller Mrs. Erdleigh, with her prophecies of love and danger, and being stood up at the Ritz by a Great Writer's secretary. There is no visible plot in the novel. The suspense is only in what you will meet next and what, above all else, the author will say about them. The Acceptance World of the British 1930s, from which Mr. Powell draws his title, was a system whereby certain brokers "accepted" debts on export deals, advancing money on the strength of the broker's reputation. It suggested, says Mr. Powell, what everyone was doing: drawing happiness from "an engagement to meet a bill." In a bland, polite, and tired way, nobody in Mr. Powell's world is shocked, nobody is sorry. It is only much later that one suspects that Mr. Powell's gift-wrapping of gossip, wisdom, and speculation is more valuable than the gift.

—Dawn Powell.

ALSO NOTED: **"The Carey Girl,"** by Elizabeth Yates (Coward-McCann, $2.75), is a short novel about Kit, who, having been shunted from mother to father in childhood and rejected by a man she hoped to marry, decides to poison herself to spite the world. She regrets the decision after the poison takes effect and in her last lingering days she finds poetic meaning to life. Miss Yates, who also wrote "Brave Interval" and "Guardian Heart," in her latest novel strengthens a slender plot with mature and sensitive reflections.

"The Hunters," by James Salter (Harper, $3), the first novel of a fighter pilot, dramatizes the psychological tensions of a jet group whose mission it was to guard the Korean skies near the Yalu River. An experienced flight commander, Cleve Saville, nears the end of his career as the "poetry" of speed and danger which stimulated earlier heroics slowly gives way to caution. Some of the flight scenes are models of tense description and the whole story is filled with authentic details in the lives of men who face death on wings.

"The Right to Love," by Markoosha Fischer (Harper, $3.50), tells of a Russian family named Nazarov who run afoul of state authorities. The loose-tongued father escapes to the Germans, who treat him cruelly, while the son falls in love with a German girl and the uniformed daughter with an American, all during the early days of the occupation of Berlin. In the end tragedy comes to all. Certainly there are worthwhile insights into German and Russian mentalities in this novel, but a magazine article on the subject would have been of more benefit to readers than these disillusioned cater-waulings and sugary characterizations.

"Warhorse," by John Cunningham (Macmillan, $3.75), marks the book-length debut of a talented Western writer. It is packed with nip-and-tuck battles on the plains of Texas and Montana during the 1880s between creditors out to impound herds of cattle and Bruford Allen, who resists with dazzling skulduggery. Allen happens to be a saber-totin' tough old bird with a sentimental core. Mr. Cunningham wrote the story on which the film "High Noon" was based, and with "Warhorse" he turns in another robust performance, producing a superior "horse opera." —S. P. Mansten.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ADJECTIVIZED ANIMALS

The word canine, as all bright little boys and girls know, means "of or like a dog." Russell H. Fitzgibbon of Los Angeles presents twenty man-in-the-street names of animals, and then scrambles alongside them the of-or-like adjectives that the man-in-the-museum would use. Fix things up, please. Ten correct answers gets you inside the museum, where if you then get five more you will be labeled vermiform, and anything above that makes you strigiform. Answers on page 46.

1. bat	( ) anserine
2. bull	( ) caridean
3. crow	( ) cetaceous
4. dove	( ) chiropteran
5. elephant	( ) ciconine
6. fox	( ) columbine
7. goose	( ) corvine
8. kangaroo	( ) didelphine
9. louse	( ) loxodontine
10. opossum	( ) macropodine
11. parrot	( ) odobenidine
12. reindeer	( ) passerine
13. seal	( ) pediculous
14. shrimp	( ) phocine
15. sparrow	( ) psittacine
16. stork	( ) rangiferine
17. thrush	( ) taurine
18. tiger	( ) tigrine
19. walrus	( ) turdine
20. whale	( ) vulpine

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Six Years Astride the Tiger

"Years of Trial and Hope," by Harry S. Truman *(Doubleday. 594 pp. $5), the second volume of the former President's memoirs, carries the story from 1946 through 1952. It is reviewed here by Walter Millis, editor of "The Forrestal Diaries."*

By Walter Millis

"YEARS of Trial and Hope," the second volume of Mr. Truman's memoirs, is, like the first, long, detailed, at times naive, lacking in literary grace but ornamented even more frequently than the first by the ex-President's tart comments upon the men who fought or failed him or savagely attacked policies which to him seemed essential. Newspaper publication of the memoirs has been accompanied by a steady counter-blast of wails from the victims—sometimes effective, more often not—rising to a climax in General MacArthur's extraordinary 5,000-word denunciation of the Commander-in-Chief who dared to relieve the General from his command. This document—grossly insulting, unmeasured in its accusations, and at best factually questionable—will focus public attention primarily around Mr. Truman's account of the Korean episode. The document itself, and the probability that great numbers of persons will take it as a complete vindication of the General, is a depressing illustration of the extremes of partisan passion and recklessness which the ex-President has been obliged to face in telling his own story of his six final years in office.

By its nature, the "MacArthur controversy" is impossible of resolution. There is no doubt that the MacArthur command was taken catastrophically by surprise by the Chinese intervention in November 1950. Mr. Truman did not and does not blame the General for the failure of his November offensive, but "I do blame General MacArthur for the manner in which he tried to excuse his failure. . . . Within four days he found time to publicize in four different ways his view that the only reason for his troubles was the order from Washington to limit the hostilities to Korea. He talked about 'extraordinary inhibitions,' and made it quite plain that no blame whatsoever attached to him or his staff."

That was really the crux of the whole matter. MacArthur became more and more convinced that he could not only redeem the failure by carrying the war across the Yalu but that this would involve no serious danger of a third world war. Mr. Truman believed that nothing could be gained by an air war on Chinese territory commensurate with what he thought would be the very great risk of general war and the probably certain alienation of our U.N. allies. Since the test was never made there is no way of knowing which man was more nearly right. But when MacArthur's wounded egotism drove him into public attempts to sabotage Administration policy and embarrass its course in the U.N. the President's short patience snapped, and the General, who had stood through so many years as the great Untouchable of the Pacific, found himself summarily relieved. In giving his side of the affair Mr. Truman will doubtless change few minds; but neither will the General by his reply—though it may confirm those who have long agreed with a verdict of the late James Forrestal that MacArthur had "a high degree of professional ability, mortgaged, however, to his sensitivity and his vanity."

—*Eliot Elisofon*—Life.

Truman—"sure that he was right."

IN dealing with this as with the many other colossal events of these years—the Truman Doctrine, the launching of the Marshall Plan, the Berlin Blockade, the enormously difficult and bitter problem of Palestine, the Soviet acquisition of the atomic "secret" and the H-bomb program which resulted, the National debacle in China, and the Presidential elections of 1948 and 1952—the ex-President's documentation is extensive at times to the point of the tedious. That does not mean that it is complete; this is one man's account of his stewardship, and one could not expect it to be without bias. The argument is in general crisply factual, however; and there are numerous fresh contributions to history, especially in reports of the high-level conferences. But even so great a fellow-memoirist as Sir Winston Churchill has been known, in enterprises like this, to shade the perspectives.

There are fewer of the homely personal touches and less of the cracker-barrel political philosophy than in the first volume, though these are not absent. Mr. Truman's long reverie upon Presidents and the Presidency, as he sat in the darkness on a balcony of the Philadelphia convention hall through a "hot, clammy night" in 1948, waiting to be nominated, has its appeal; so do his unaffected wonder and delight at the beauty of the Hawaiian Islands, rising out of an early-morning blue as he approached them on his way to meet MacArthur at Wake Island. Mr. Truman shows himself again the adept politician, and frequently reiterates his conviction that the Presidency is a political office which can be properly discharged only by those skilled in politics. In running the Government "you do not operate somewhere in a theoretical heaven but with a tough set of tough situations that have to be met—and met without hesitation. It takes practical men to run a government." Presidents cannot always be popular, but if they are good politicians, do

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what they believe to be right, and stick to it, they will certainly have the people with them.

The ex-President is sure that he was right. He was right in vetoing the Taft-Hartley bill, the so-called Tidelands Oil bill, and in his many other vetoes—more, he believes, than were returned by any President since Cleveland—even when they were overridden by Congress. He was right in advocating a national health plan, in seizing the steel industry, in his policy in China. in his almost reverential awe of General Marshall. He was right in his criticisms of the press. At the time of Korea "three of our biggest publishers, I think, were dividing our people and leading the world to believe that the American people had no confidence in their Government. The campaign of vilification and lies and distortions of facts in so many of our papers were the greatest asset the Soviets had." He was right in 1948 in believing he could win against the showings of the polls and the double defection of the Dixiecrats and the Wallaceites. On some of the other points his rightness will seem less self-evident to others than it does to Mr. Truman, but in the last, at least, he is on indisputable ground.

The ex-President's closing comments on the 1952 election are perhaps of the liveliest immediate interest. Mr. Truman makes certain recent maneuverings more explicable by revealing his annoyance at Adlai Stevenson's coyness before the convention, and over certain Stevenson "mistakes" afterward—chiefly those of attempting somewhat to dissociate himself from the White House and of being too tepid in the defense of the Truman record. But it is on the Republican campaign that Mr. Truman lets go: "The most brazen lie of the century has been fabricated by reckless demagogues among the Republicans to the effect that Democrats were soft on Communists." Eisenhower "permitted a campaign of distortion and vilification that he could not possibly have believed was true."

"Within the first few months," Mr. Truman says in the opening sentence of this book, "I discovered that being a President is like riding a tiger. A man has to keep on riding or be swallowed." Truman was never swallowed. Right or wrong, he rode the tiger and kept command. As the book ends, with Mr. Truman conferring with his successor on the handing over of the Government, the man from Independence manages to leave hanging a question mark as to whether Mr. Eisenhower could do—or has done—the same. The memoirist is clearly aware that another election is upon us.

The Sea Lane to Victory

***"The Atlantic Battle Won," by Samuel E. Morison** (Little, Brown. 399 pp. $6), the tenth volume in the "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II," tells of the offensive that led to our ultimate victory over Nazi Germany. James A. Field, Jr., of Swarthmore College, author of "The Japanese at Leyte Gulf," reviews it here.*

By James A. Field, Jr.

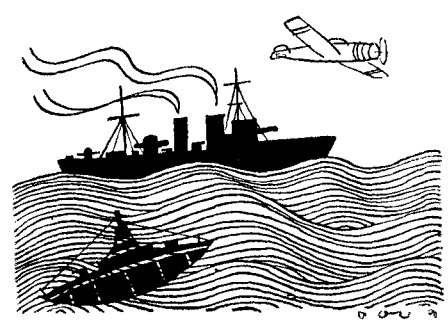
THE seapower which Admiral Mahan saw a mighty influence on history was an exploitative and aggressive seapower, working outward from Europe to seize and maintain control of the new worlds across the oceans. Victory in the wars for empire and dominant influence in shaping the modern world went to Great Britain, situated offshore and thus able to control all by controlling the western approaches to the Continent.

In the last century, however, the employment of seapower has greatly changed. The policies of the maritime states of the Western world have become conservative. As improvements in land transport permitted increasingly effective mobilization of the manpower of interior Eurasia the previously dominant rimlands found themselves mortally endangered. Wars were no longer wars of maritime states, aggression now came from the heartland, and from the Crimean War to the organization of NATO the problem has been one of stabilization and defense. In the new context control of the western approaches has become if possible even more important, not as the way to transoceanic wealth but as the means of obtaining salvation from overseas.

In two world wars success in dividing the Atlantic world by cutting the ocean trade routes would have brought German victory. In both this success was very nearly gained by the submarine. Surprisingly, in the Second World War as in the First, neither side was prepared to contest the issue on anything like the scale that was ultimately required. In 1939 the British were very short of escort craft, while Hitler entered the war with only forty-nine operational U-boats. Yet by V-E Day the German Navy had employed 1,179 submarines, 699 of which had been lost to Allied action. In six years of war this undersea fleet, while failing in its primary task, sank 187 warships, almost 3,000 merchant vessels, and took some 40,000 lives in the process.

The crisis of the U-boat war, which came in 1942, was dealt with in "The Battle of the Atlantic 1939-1943," the first volume of Admiral Samuel E. Morison's "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II." In the spring of 1943, when Volume X, "The Atlantic Battle Won," takes up the tale, things were at a stand-off, and this just-published book is the story of the offensive which led to victory. New technical devices, new production brought the Allies through. In May 1943 U-boat losses exceeded new construction, and merchant-ship sinkings reached a new low. Admiral Doenitz, bemoaning Allied scientific superiority, was forced to redeploy his boats away from the crucial North Atlantic convoy lanes to peripheral areas such as the Central Atlantic, the Caribbean, and the Indian Ocean. The initiative was never regained.

Like all of Morison's volumes, this is operational history written on the tactical level, and in this one more than in most the nature of the subject prevents a unitary organization. Here are more depth charges than doctrine; shifts of time and place are kaleidoscopic; there is no assembly of great forces or sweep of fleets to battle. But the hundreds of individual anti-submarine actions, presented in remarkably complete detail, are united by the shipping problem, the central problem of the war. Since solution of this permitted solution of all else this book is in a very real sense the key to the whole series. Had it not been possible to write of "The Atlantic Battle Won" the other volumes would have made very different and far less pleasant reading.



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Gone With the Wind

AMERICAN writing, if you except the immortal and changeless frontier cowboy, has lost its regional character. Ten years ago *The Saturday Review* published several regional issues—New England, the Far West, Midwest, and, of course, the Deep South—and ultimately gave it up as hopeless. Though the novelist may recall his childhood experiences in his natal state, he is apt to spend his adult life a thousand miles or more from his birthplace. Hemingway was born in Illinois, but for years he has lived in foreign countries and is now permanently settled in Cuba. Dos Passos came from Chicago; his last trilogy was centered in the District of Columbia. Steinbeck came from California but prefers to live in New York, and his latest novel emerged from New England. Erskine Caldwell after he had exhausted rural poverty and the city slums of Mississippi wrote a bleak Maine novel, in which the characters lived and behaved as badly as if they were descendants of "Tobacco Road's" poor white trash. Faulkner's last book is a war novel.

Many critics deplore this gregariousness; but the fact remains that the United States from one ocean to the other has changed with startling rapidity, and even the Deep South has felt the effects of our national prosperity. A man who was born in Arizona or Washington or my birthplace, Connecticut, today finds that he is in another world. This is not true of the Frenchman or the Englishman whose cities and villages and countryside maintain their ancient characteristics. It is inevitable that readers should prefer consistency, and they are certainly not getting it from American novelists who have abandoned ancestor worship along with the scenes and dilemmas of the past. In one of Elizabeth Bowen's addresses to an English audience she said that regionalism cannot continue. "Gradually a writer's art flags, and the writer knows it," she said. "Now is the time to make the break, to strike out, to establish at any price a new vital outside communication."

Many American critics were led astray by this metamorphosis. They look back on the successful writers of thirty years ago and damn them. What once seemed intensely real and moving cannot stir the readers of today. For example, Dos Passos or Sinclair Lewis. Bernard DeVoto in his book "The Literary Fallacy," a violent criticism of the novelists of the Twenties, said, "Never in any country or any age had writers so misrepresented their culture, never had they been so unanimously wrong." However, Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" was an enormous and immediate success. Why? Because it destroyed the outworn and traditional misconceptions of small-town and village life in the Midwest, where all young women were presumed to be virgins and all old men noble-hearted philosophers. Carol Kennicott, like Madame Bovary, was bored to extinction in the horse-and-buggy town she lived in with her doctor husband, and she had good reason to be.

MR. DeVoto was a remarkable journalist and historian of the West, but a heavy-handed critic. He attacked Van Wyck Brooks's studies of American literature, saying that Brooks had made many statements which so intelligent a man could not possibly have made if he had actually read the books or looked up the facts he was talking about. Then he got out his machine-gun and slaughtered all of the best writers of the period. Dos Passos overlooks the nobility of the common American and so does Faulkner, Mr. DeVoto says. "Lewis when he abandons his amiable and occasionally dangerous fools is unable to conceive of a man above the level of a high-school boy." "Hemingway lacks maleness," which would certainly surprise the author of "Death in the Afternoon" and more than a few women.

In a final blast he wrote, "When history comes to describe the culture of America between the Great Wars it will not be American ideas or the American way of life that looks tawdry, cheap, empty, and base. It will be the half-bushel of authors who presumed to find them so on the basis of a blend of arrogance and ignorance."

In the late Forties and early Fifties the gruesome childhood experiences revealed by many young writers in their first novels must have horrified their parents when they came out in print. Certainly there were more homosexuals, sordid love affairs, contorted minds, and naked violence in fiction after the war than had ever appeared in any equally brief period of a country's literature. Many of these writers have either calmed down or have disappeared from the literary scene, and many of the books of only a few years ago now seem to be foolish, including Tennessee Williams's only novel, "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone." The honest writer may seek eroticism for its own sake; and when he discovers that the public is satiated he will turn to more financially rewarding pastures.

Foreign critics often have a higher respect for contemporary American literature than our critics. André Malraux in an interview published in this country said, "Many cultured Americans consider their present-day literature decadent. To them the great period is the nineteenth century, the period of Poe, Thoreau, Melville, Hawthorne, Whitman. Hemingway has something in common with these primitives." He is praising and not condemning contemporary American literature when he states that "it is the only national literature which is not the work of intellectuals." The great effort of this literature is going to be its attempt to intellectualize itself without losing its direct contact with American life. —H. S.

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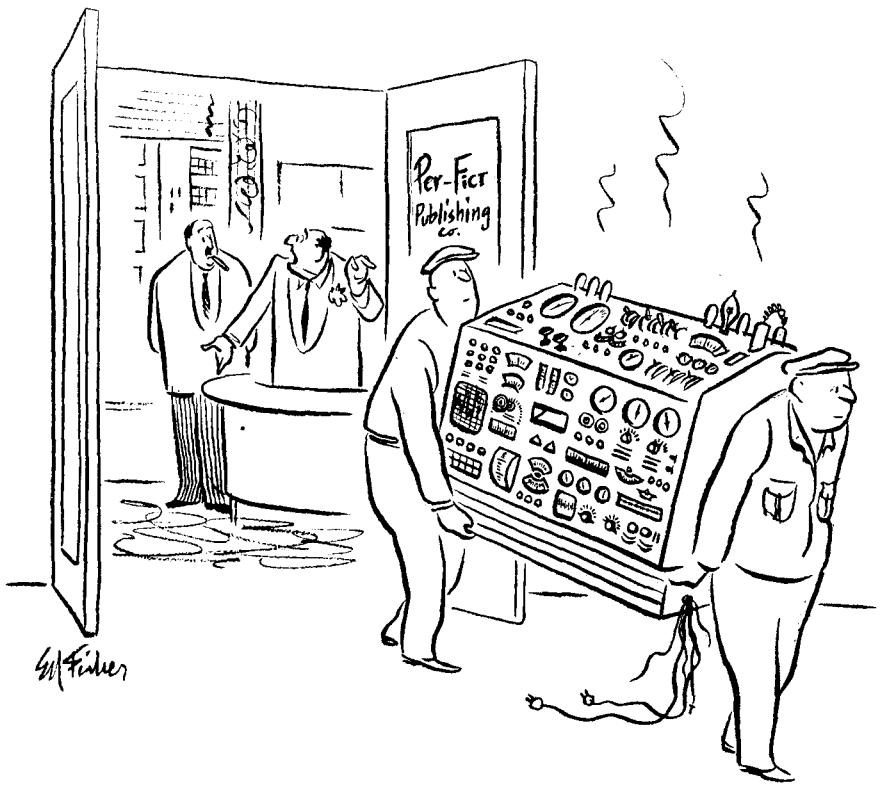
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TO HELP JOHNNY READ

REGARDING MY ARTICLE, "THAT JOHNNY MAY READ" [*SR* Feb. 4], I only regret in this instance that confined space prevented some reference to the work now being done by the Library Clubs of America, sponsored by the Book Manufacturers' Institute and by Mr. Sidney Satenstein, president of American Book-Stratford Press. Some teachers and librarians are loath to apply or even to admit the existence of incentives in maintaining reading programs. L.C.A. is frankly committed to the idea that reading habits can effectively be established by such means. They employ buttons, badges, banners, and slogans in a simple plan to commit children to the selection and reading of books. An appropriate award is made after four, eight, twelve, and sixteen books have been read. The kind and quality of the books are the concern of the teacher or librarian. The thesis, which is now being tested in several schools, including some in New York City, is simply that if children can be initiated into the reading of books they can be kept at it to the benefit of themselves, the school, the community, the library, and—yes—the publisher too.

FRANK G. JENNINGS.

Belleville, N. J.



"We're ruined I tell you. *It* was the only one that understood the business!"

LITERACY IS NOT ENOUGH

IN HIS GENERALLY EXCELLENT PIECE, "That Johnny May Read," Frank Jennings says that a person whose reading accomplishment never exceeds that of being able to "distinguish between road-signs, price-tags, headlines, and labels . . . can and does become an adequately, functioning citizen." This is not so.

In order to become an *adequate* citizen in a democracy an individual must not merely stay out of jail and be self-supporting; he must regularly make important political decisions. Such decisions cannot be intelligently made unless facts have been acquired, absorbed, and reacted to in an adult fashion. It is only the printed page (not the momentary impressions left by the spoken word) which provides a firm basis for intelligent judgments.

Bare literacy is not enough. Hitler was voted into a position of power by millions of functioning German citizens who were literate enough to distinguish between road-signs but not literate enough to choose correctly between good and evil.

IRWIN J. SULOWAY.
Chicago Teachers College.

Chicago, Ill.

TO BE READ

IF ONLY ALL OF JOHNNY'S PARENTS—most of whom *can* read—*would* read I would suggest that you make Frank G. Jennings's article available for general, country-wide distribution. The article is a superb job magnificently done. It ought to be read by every literate parent in the country.

PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP.

Glenview, Ill.

SELECTION FOR THE YOUNG

I AGREE WITH FRANK JENNINGS when he says that the literary experience is "one of the most profound mind-shaping events in the life of man." I agree further that adolescents need to have "valid, meaty reading experiences." However, it is because of the profundity of this mind-shaping experience that we must spend a great deal of care in selecting these experiences. While reading "For Whom the Bell Tolls" might well prove to be the stepping stone to more mature and prolific reading experience, it can also be the source of greatest danger to the inexperienced mind. The provocation of the unguided pursuit of experiences in sex and alcohol could lead to disaster.

Mr. Jennings advocates, quite wisely, a realistic approach to literature with children. Yet are we not unrealistic and unfair when we give the adolescent heroes to admire whose behavior is really unacceptable to society? Certainly we can find good literature whose figures match Pilar's loyalty and courage, and yet who do not pose such a serious threat to the development of the young reader.

WILLIAM A. MCCORMACK.

San Francisco, Calif.

NOT A DAME

NO WONDER MYSTERY WRITER AGATHA CHRISTIE stays away from reporters, as is so amusingly stated in John Haverstick's sketch of her [*SR* Feb. 4]. Half the newspapers of this country have reported that she, having appeared on the New Year's Honors List announced by Queen Elizabeth, is now entitled to be addressed as Dame Agatha. This is not so, and undoubtedly Mrs. Christie would be the first to say that it is not so. In the honors list she was appointed, as you state, a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. To be addressed as Dame Agatha she would have had to be appointed a *Dame* Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

GEORGE F. R. PAINE.

Albany, N.Y.

THE $500,000,000 QUESTION

HARRISON BROWN, in his article on the Ford Foundation grant ["The $500,000,000 Question," *SR* Feb. 4] likens the grant to water spread uniformly over the Sahara. What he fails to recognize is that in actuality it is a tank of magic water. To be sure, the lid is fastened tight and it leaks slowly, but it begets other water tanks and in ten years will still be intact, its lid open available for use.

MRS. VAHAKN DADRIAN.

Chestertown, Md.

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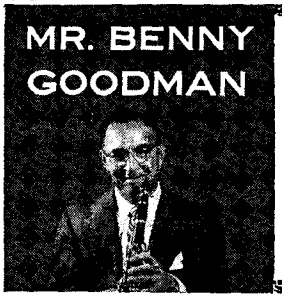

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Off Their Trolleys

THE most benign comedy of the season is **"The Ponder Heart,"** based on Eudora Welty's story of the same name. That story, it may be recalled, concerned a blissful, gracious, and overly big-hearted lunatic whose capacity for childish happiness challenged the normal code of "sane" behavior to the point where even manslaughter (by the somewhat unorthodox method of tickling to death) became allowable. In transforming this affectionate character study into a Broadway play Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov have kept "The Ponder Heart" just as colorful and amusing as the book, but have also made it considerably more innocuous. The revised Uncle Daniel Ponder is a harmless old man who in the third-act trial scene confounds the jurisprudence of the Southern town where he is being charged with a killing he did *not* commit. Uncle Daniel does to the law courts what Will Stockdale does to the Army in "No Time for Sergeants." He overwhelms his prosecutors with the Golden Rule. But before the trial is over the play's Uncle Daniel loses his blissful ignorance momentarily to see the world for what it is. This is effective if traditional dramaturgy.

On the other hand, the first two acts are a strange and affecting idyll of the trial marriage between Uncle Daniel and Bonny Dee Peacock, a stupid seventeen-year-old girl whom he lovingly describes as "smart beyond compare." While the bride is "in escrow," as the lawyer puts it, the marital relationship is one of children at play. Bonny Dee is happiest playing jacks or ordering fancy electrical equipment even though the house has no electric current to operate it with. But when the time for a physical consummation of her marriage approaches there is a violent thunderstorm in which a ball of fire rolls through the room killing her. While it may not have been the author's intention, the death might in some Maeterlinckian way be taken to symbolize her inability to exist in any other than a state of complete innocence.

David Wayne plays the eccentric uncle with delightfully unpretentious goodheartedness. Sarah Marshall as the scrawny and vapid Bonny Dee is delicious. Not only does she seem guileless, but she achieves the absolute spontaneity one observes only in children with a new toy in a bit of business where she whips off her jacket and dunks it into a revolving washing machine. Una Merkel is wonderfully warmhearted as Edna Earle. And Will Geer, John Marriott, John McGovern, and Juanita Hall head a large group of memorable supporting portrayals.

Robert Douglas's direction seems sensitive and thorough. And Ben Edwards's sets capture the color and light whimsy of the story. Though it may lack some of the realistic undertones of the original, this dandelion puffball hovers prettily in the sun above Broadway's hardier plants.

AT New York's City Center a revival of Tennessee Williams's **"A Streetcar Named Desire"** has become the occasion for a surprisingly disciplined piece of acting by Tallulah Bankhead. For more than a decade now Miss Bankhead has sunk to the status of a theatrical joke, an African Dodger who was paid well for displaying an absurdly disdainful and dissolute personality in public. Yet in Blanche DuBois, a role which is not well suited to her natural recklessness, extroversion, and sophistication, Miss Bankhead demonstrates that she has not lost her ability to control a great talent. True, she has a couple of wild moments wherein she does slip back to caustic intonations that pull us out of the play, but considering the pressure of the audience's almost unendurable readiness to laugh at anything she does these are remarkably few and far between. Miss Bankhead perseveres against the current, and in those scenes where the play allows her to express her feelings about youth and age, or to recount the story of the boy she drove to suicide through a self-centered failure to understand his problem, she is right back in the top rank of American actresses.

As Herbert Machiz has directed her and the others in this revival it now seems much more the tragedy of Blanche than did the original. He has Gerald O'Loughlin play Stanley Kowalski as a sneering and unredeemedly ignorant rat, which though it makes the play less realistic, also makes Blanche seem more pitiful. But Miss Bankhead never catches Blanche's pathological overrespect for gentility and refinement that made Maria Britneva's off-Broadway performance so beautiful last season.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Musical, Musical Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD, lately in the habit of ransacking Broadway for material, has come up with a hot item in **"Carousel,"** so sturdy a light opera that it not only ran for more than two years, after opening in 1945, but has had two healthy revivals since, not to mention its continual use as a musical vehicle by several local repertory companies throughout the country. This, then, is a familiar and favorite work, and Twentieth Century-Fox has treated it with great respect. The original production was loaded with what might be termed "high-grade corn," as well as a fulsome musical score that many already regard as the highpoint of the work of Richard Rodgers. Those to whom "Carousel" is exceedingly precious can be assured that the screen version has kept practically the entire score (there are a few snips here and there, and only one song is missing) and that a loving polish has been applied to the work. Others, to whom the Molnar touch seems slightly synthetic, may find the going a little thick at times. No effort has been spared to ensure that lump in the throat.

Probably a lucky circumstance occurred when Frank Sinatra begged off from the Billy Bigelow role, on the grounds that Twentieth Century-Fox was actually asking him to make two movies for one, shooting it once in its new 55 mm. process, and doing a covering print in the normal process. Sinatra was abandoned and sued, and Gordon McRae took his place. Mr. McRae is, without doubt, the best musical man in Hollywood. He's a rugged looking chap, with a good voice, and a considerable amount of acting talent. After seeing him in "Carousel" it would have been unthinkable for the movie to have been made without him. He has been surrounded with a far above ordinary cast of singers, including Shirley Jones, a typical Broadway-type singing ingenue, Robert Rounseville, a fine tenor, and less well-known but nevertheless first-rate people like Barbara Ruick and Claramae Turner.

Of a good deal of interest is the process itself. Cinemascope 55, as it's called, is the clearest, sharpest screen image that the industry has been as yet able to come up with. The definition, both foreground and background, is remarkable, and there is no distortion to bother that usually unlucky person—the fellow who has to sit in the first row on the side. So superior in its clarity to other big images is it that Hollywood may very likely find itself faced with the problem of converting to it on a general scale. The film negative is a new large size—55 mm.—and has been reduced to a 35 mm. print for showing "Carousel." No one as yet knows how it will look when shown full blown, but it works fine when reduced. The outdoor scenes look very real and very pretty in practically all degrees of light. The movie was made for the most part on location at Boothbay, Maine, and even some of the dance numbers were shot outdoors, a supposedly difficult feat. These dances, by the way, are freshly conceived and executed, and add a great deal to the charm of the picture. I suspect that when future historians try to decide what constituted native American opera in our time they'll have to give some careful consideration to "Carousel." In that case this movie version should be very helpful.

* * *

A type of movie musical more indigenous to Hollywood itself is M-G-M's **"Meet Me at Las Vegas,"** a paean to the pleasures to be encountered in Nevada's most celebrated municipality. It tells of a chap who came to the town for his yearly gambling fling and there encountered luck and love in the person of Cyd Charisse. Miss Charisse is seen as a very artistic-type ballet dancer who finds unsuspected qualities in Dan Dailey, the rancher-gambler.

A movie of this sort can be made only during a period of great prosperity; otherwise it might seem dreadfully offensive. Thinking about the matter further, I've come to the conclusion it's offensive anyway. Some examples of the type of "artistic" ballet Miss Charisse indulges in: a "Sleeping Beauty" ballet done in modern dress on a volley-ball court to the music of Tchaikovsky, and a Frankie and Johnny ballet in which this long-legged dancer manages to combine burlesque slinking with traditional ballet turns. It would not all have seemed so outrageous if the script had not several times made clear that what we were about to see was of the highest and purest order. I'll take honest rock-and-roll every time.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

Softening Up Lassie

RHYTHM is fundamental to life. The seasons, the planets, the seven ages, love, all have their rhythms. Music captures it. All other arts glorify it. Even history observes rhythm. Arnold Toynbee asserts that civilizations disintegrate by an alternation of routs and rallies. The rout is a time of trouble, a failure to respond to a challenge. The rally is a subsequent, convulsive effort to re-integrate —which again becomes a rout, etc. Thus the decay of Hellenic society, according to historian Toynbee, was a rhythm of three-and-a-half beats or rout-rally-rout-rally-rout-rally-rout. We are not attempting a parallel between civilizations and television programs. But TV programs, especially "format" programs, beat out a similar meter of hard-hard-soft, or soft-soft-hard, or hard-soft-hard-soft-hard-hard-hard.

A "hard" story is a rough, tough, shoot-em-up, kill-em-and-lock-em-up story. Or it might be a scare-em-and-send-em-to-bed-with-a-screaming-nightmare story. A hard story accents the primitive, the naturalistic, the irrational, the violent, the horrible. A "soft" story, on the other hand, may be sentimental, cerebral, nostalgic, patriotic, "informative," even "educational." Another way of measuring a soft show is by handkerchiefs. A two-handkerchief show in the trade is an eye-moistener: three handkerchiefs a cloudburst of emotion: a six-handkerchief show—*le déluge!* But that is another rhythm. A real soft-soft show may even violate the show-biz First Commandment: "If you have any messages send them by Western Union." "Lassie" violated the first commandment on a recent Sunday. The old collie went soft as butter. She ground her canines on a sermon in international understanding.

The story told of a Japanese boy who visited Jeff's (Lassie's young master's) farm on a 4-H, foreign-exchange program. The visitor brought strange food, exotic aphorisms, and soil-hungry dignity. He also brought oriental courage: when he was set upon by two rural rowdies he overcame them with *jiu-jitsu*. And when the father of one of the young American toughs, seeking vengeance, tried to set fire to the barn he was mauled by Lassie. Then the young Japanese mercifully volunteered some home-made snake-venom powder which stopped the arsonist's dangerous bleeding. The father learned his lesson; the townspeople gave the Japanese lad a friendly send-off. It was oversimplified but very welcome in getting across some sound basic ideas about intercultural relationships. I gave it my strongest parental approval (a matter of strong differences of opinion, in TV programs, between me and my two daughters, ages six-and-a-half and four-and-a-half) and then I asked them beamingly: "And what did you learn from that wonderful program?" "Strike back when a person strikes you first!" came the instant replies. Strange how messages get mixed up!

NO MATTER. The point is—my children knew that "Lassie" was soft that night. They had it spotted from the first scene, in which Jeff and his friend Porky asked Gramps to sign the innocent-looking 4-H application. This couldn't possibly be a getting-locked-up-in-a-cave-story-and-falling-down-an-abandoned-old-well. The hard stories have to *start* hard if they're going to be hard. Like talk about tornadoes and cyclones in the first scene. Any one can tell how that will end up—with a real cyclone, of course, and the lights going out in the storm-cellar and the house blowing away above ground. The hard-soft rhythm teaches future set-owners some of the technical aspects of story-telling.

It is also immensely useful to parents in maintaining discipline. Since all obedience in homes today is hopelessly tied to television's silver cord, it comes in mighty handy to say to the children: "I see in the paper that there's a real hard story on 'Lassie' Sunday night. If you don't tidy up your room and get down to dinner in three seconds flat . . . !"

The response is atomic. As harrowing as the hard stories may be to watch, they are usually the little barbarians' favorites . . . in the early stages of indoctrination, that is. Once they master the hard-soft rhythm, however, the bloom is off the hard ones. Then the fun is mostly guessing the bad-man at the start, and how it will all come out. Hard-and-soft-on-TV is a game played not only by audiences. The creators of programs, backstage, are equally involved. The sheer monotony of dealing in violence week after week palls even the most avid sadist. The necessity for some creative relief demands a change of pace.

Then, too, there is the lurking fear, often underscored by letters from irate parents, that recurrent holocausts for children will backfire in public acceptance. So the sponsor gentles. For a period he will bang loudly on his Trendex and call for blood, more blood—and emotion. But after a reasonable Saturnalia his superego takes over. "Boys, maybe we're going too far. Maybe we ought to try a few soft stories." All too soon, however, this course frightens him, as his audience turns to the riots on other channels. He rallies. The result is the hard-soft rhythm (known to some advertising establishments as the Nine-to-Four formula: nine hard and four soft in every thirteen-week cycle).

This is a self-regulating formula, in the best tradition of our American system of checks and balances. Once you recognize a program's rhythm you know when to tune in and when to stay away, according to your taste, be it mayhem or message. Over at our house, these days, we're watching "Lassie" regularly. We're great for messages. We're not missing a single soft show. There's no telling what Sunday they'll switch again to hard.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 662

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 662 will be found in the next issue.

YNJC—INJDBULN BUT

YNJC—INYANLQ BIN

BHMXQ BY RBJXBHJN

LMPPMTDQDNY BY ON LBU

LBIIW DU MXI ABLE

QGIMXFG JDCN.

—JXQGNI HXIHBUE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 661

The careless confident gesture is what conquers. — "Marjorie Morningstar."

—HERMAN WOUK.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Backhaus on Mozart—Resnick, Bergsma Opera

ANYONE living in New York who would like to get closer to music and musicmaking than is possible in Carnegie or Town Hall is advised to become a Metropolitan Museum "member" and thus be eligible for the several series of concerts offered in the recently opened Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Annual membership costs ten dollars, which can be retrieved by reduction in admission to such concert series as the one which recently offered Wilhelm Backhaus in a program of Mozart and Beethoven piano sonatas. There are additional benefits, but why be greedy?

Backhaus playing to 750 listeners is, of course, the same artist as he is playing to four times as many in Carnegie Hall—but being one of 750 rather than 3,000 has its advantages. It has them especially in the wood-lined, well-shaped Rogers Auditorium, which reminds one somewhat of the barely older Royal Festival Hall in London for the brightness and clarity of the sound it fosters. There is this interesting oddity about the acoustical science as reflected in both: mathematics and graphs can, demonstrably, avoid the miscalculations to be found in some of the older, duller auditoria around the country; but they cannot, somehow, arrive at the happy accidents which produce the truly mellow sound surroundings of Philadelphia's Academy of Music or the Mozartsaal in Vienna's Konzerthaus. Given the aging process of which they have had the benefit the sound *circa* 2000 may be as good.

For those not committed to a preconceived idea of a Mozart in a restricted frame of dynamic and tonal values Backhaus's projection of the C major (K. 330) and the A major (K. 331) Sonatas had abundant interest. It is plainly this great artist's belief that if Mozart had the resources of the modern grand at his disposal he would utilize them, as he utilized every tonal advantage of his time.

Whether he would have written the same kind of music he did is, of course, another matter. But in applying the rhythmic momentum, tonal sensitivity, and definition of outline acquired in his long experience Backhaus enlarged the object without distorting the subject. In both sonatas the frame was bigger but the proportions were not abused. Especially at the close range possible in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium this was an absorbing experience. In the more familiar area of Backhausian mastery the Beethoven sonatas were opus 10, No. 3, opus 31, No. 1, and the great A flat, opus 110.

Neither rain nor snow nor sleet nor gloom of night could stay Artur Rubinstein in the accomplishment of the appointed round of concerti he had planned for himself in Carnegie Hall. All-out attention was the order of each evening from those able to buy their way into the hall. I didn't hear all of every program, but there was a pianistically notable performance of the Brahms D minor in the third program as there was one of the Chopin E minor in the last.

After more than a decade of singing soprano roles at the Metropolitan Opera Regina Resnik took on new duties—and a new outlook on operatic life—as a mezzo-soprano by singing Marina in a "Boris Godunov" directed by Dimitri Mitropoulos. Marina is hardly the most exacting mezzo role in the repertory, but Miss Resnik met its challenges with a solid sound recognizably her own.

This was, in other words, not a job of vocal rehabilitation with the intent of creating a new personality for the singer (as may happen when the voice is raised from mezzo to soprano) but rather a matter of solidifying what was always the best part of the Resnik voice. Relieved of the strain of producing top tones which were uncomfortable for her, Miss Resnik can devote her sound musicianship, serious artistic inclinations, and substantial stage knowledge to useful ends. She looked well as the princess and gave the duets with the Jesuit priest Rangoni (Frank Valentino), and the false Dimitri (Giulio Gari), effective dramatic direction.

The performance also benefited much from the reappearance of George London in the title role, vocally more mature and dramatically of greater stature than before. Boris is certainly a part for which London has a temperamental affinity, and if he can stay with its dramatic challenges while developing a suitable vocal "brush" for the whole portrait it could well amount to something memorable. Dimitri Mitropoulos had all the elements well in hand.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

* * *

THE staging of a full-length opera by an American composer is an event of some importance, and the Juilliard School of Music deserves the credit for giving a hearing to William Bergsma's "The Wife of Martin Guerre," which had its premiere on February 15 as part of the Festival of American Music, celebrating the Juilliard's fiftieth anniversary.

The fact that the opera didn't come off is not primarily the fault of Bergsma's music, nor does it lie in the choice of subject. The plot is a gripping one—the true account, based on French court records of the year 1560, of a man who apparently returns home after a long absence, lives happily for a time with his "wife," and then is denounced by her as an impostor. Sentenced to be hanged at the first trial, he is about to be acquitted at the second, when the real husband appears to denounce both him and the wife.

There is plenty of dramatic stuff here, but Bergsma and his librettist, Janet Lewis, have quite "missed the boat" in constructing the action. The first act is in no way essential, dealing as it does with preliminaries. The real action starts in the second act with the apparent return of Martin Guerre. The high points of the drama, where considerable emotional and musical expansion are required, are taken at the same pace as the less important scenes. The libretto plods forward, bringing in too much detail and failing to give the composer those moments that constitute the heart of opera, where the action is stopped in favor of musical considerations. The absence of such climactic points tends to render the work formless.

The language in which the libretto is couched is often disturbingly ungrateful, and Bergsma's treatment of the text reflects its monochrome nature. He sets the words as they come, with a just prosody in a declamatory-arioso style; but the rhythmic and melodic contours are too similar throughout the work, and seldom are they sharply defined. The few passages that really "click" are mostly to be found in the third act, suggest that a closer approach to a "numbers" opera, *i.e.*, an opera in which arias and ensembles are entities in themselves, would have been beneficial.

In this production by the Juilliard Opera Theatre there was some fine singing by Mary Judd, Regina Sarfaty, Stephen Harbachick, and Guy Baker; the fifteen-man orchestra played well under Frederic Waldman. The moral of the evening might seem to be that the established conventions of opera are as valid today as they were in the time of Mozart or Verdi. They may be modified, but they cannot be ignored.

—EVERETT HELM.

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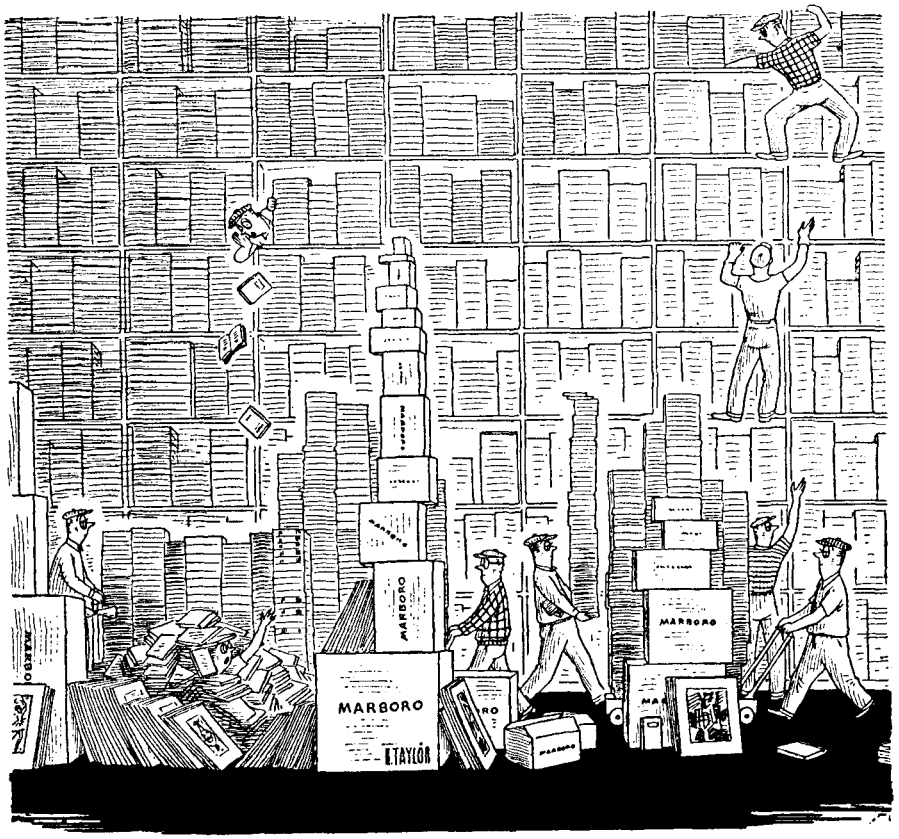

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THE YEAR'S RELIGIOUS BOOKS

This year, as every year in recent times, has seen the publication of more than a thousand books on religious subjects—by far the largest category in book publishing. This year, as every year, the new books span a wide range of topics and interests—new editions of Bibles, hymnals, books of prayer, devotion, and inspiration; theological treatises, Biblical criticism, history and biography, and practical guides to the application of religious teaching to contemporary living. In this issue, as well as in the issues of March 10 and 17, coinciding with the approach of the Christian Eastertide and the Jewish Passover, SR *calls the attention of its readers to the books whose appeal is greatest to laymen and whose interest transcends narrow sectarian lines.*

The Battle of the Dead Sea Scrolls

By JOHN HAVERSTICK

TO CHURCHGOERS throughout the world the title of "devil's advocate" is a respected one, highly honored in its tradition. Among Roman Catholics the term carries an official blessing, being used by them to designate that Vatican lawyer whose duty it is to find flaws in the evidence of those who are being considered for sainthood. Among Protestants, too, the term has its respectability, serving as it does to describe a critic who ferrets out the weak points of an argument in order to bring out the whole truth.

But the title of "devil's advocate" can also be used in scorn, and this year, as one of the biggest controversies of the century raged throughout Christendom, it seemed to many Americans to apply in every one of its senses to M. André Dupont-Sommer, a short, rotund ex-Catholic and ex-priest who is now a professor on the Faculty of Letters at the Sorbonne in Paris. To M. Dupont-Sommer's credit, no man has borne the title with more aplomb. He is, he says, "*un pur savant,*" which being translated means that he is without any religious affiliations at present; he has been labeled on more than one occasion a "sensationalist" and, in mockery, "a great secular seeker of the truth." But throughout it all the little Frenchman has remained bland-faced and smiling, urbane and yet priestly-looking.

The reason for this name-calling is a theological one. It began in 1947 with the discovery in the Judean foothills of some ancient documents which have since become known as the Dead Sea scrolls; and shortly thereafter M. Dupont-Sommer published one of the first scholarly books on the meaning of these scrolls for Christianity. The book received little attention in this country until last year when *The New Yorker* published a series of articles about the scrolls by the literary critic Edmund Wilson, a series which was published in book form last October under the title of "The Scrolls from the Dead Sea" and which relied heavily on M. Dupont-Sommer's interpretations. Since then a whole hymnrack-full of books about the scrolls and the interpretation of M. Dupont-Sommer has appeared. (For an annotated list see page 30.) One of the more important of these is "The Dead Sea Scrolls," by Professor Millar Burrows, chairman of the department of Near Eastern Languages and Literature at Yale Graduate School. Says Professor Burrows emphatically: "There is no danger . . . that our understanding of the New Testament will be so revolutionized [by them] as to require a revision of any basic article of Christian faith."

—*From "The Dead Sea Scrolls."*

Scrolls found in Dead Sea Caves.

It is, however, Mr. Wilson's account of M. Dupont-Sommer's disquieting interpretations that has enraged many conservative clergyman and delighted professed religious liberals and brought about the sale of 35,000 copies since publication of the book last autumn. The full implications of M. Dupont-Sommer's conjectures, as reported by Mr. Wilson, seem to glow more fiendishly than did the brightest nineteenth-century fire and brimstone. As interpreted by a host of clerical book reviewers in the country's newspapers, TV, and radio the Dupont-Sommer thesis seemed to constitute an attack on the divinity of Jesus. Its chief points:

- The Dead Sea scrolls have furnished scholars with Biblical manuscripts and fragments which throw light on the hitherto little-known Essene sect, a sect whose traditions were astonishingly Christianlike and included ceremonies similar to Christian baptism and holy communion.
- The leader of the Essenes was a so-called Teacher of Righteousness

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who, though he lived several decades before Jesus, bore astonishing resemblances to the Christian Messiah, having been regarded as a divine incarnation, having been martyred, and having, like Jesus, inspired belief among his followers that he would return from the dead.

TO MANY eager religious liberals the Dupont-Sommer thesis has seemed to indicate that Jesus was not unique and, therefore, not divine. To conservatives it has seemed that the French devil's advocate was trying to shoot Christianity full of holes.

Wrote the more-liberal-than-conservative Mr. Wilson in his book: "Will or will not this process of elucidation inevitably have the effect of making Jesus seem less superhuman? . . . It would seem an immense advantage for cultural and social intercourse—that is, for civilization—that the rise of Christianity should, at least, be generally understood as simply an episode of human history rather than propagated as dogma and divine revelation. The study of the Dead Sea scrolls—with the direction it is now taking—cannot fail, one would think, to conduce this." To which a host of liberals have shouted Amen.

Wrote Unitarian minister Franklin P. Smith of Albuquerque, New Mexico, to *The New York Times*: "It ought to be quite obvious to all that the Dead Sea Scrolls, as Mr. Wilson rightly infers, [are] going to cause a new evaluation of Christianity. The Pre-Existent Christ, the establishment of unique sacraments, the development of original rituals, all that the official Church has cherished for the last two thousand years will have to be revaluated." And, proving that the controversy has had its repercussions —among other creeds as well, some liberal Jews have been quoted as being "delighted that the scrolls may close the gulf between Christians and Jews."

To all this the conservatives have retorted angrily. "Any stick now seems big enough to use against Christianity," a Roman Catholic has cried. Said a conservative Jew: "Seldom have so many readers been led astray by one man."

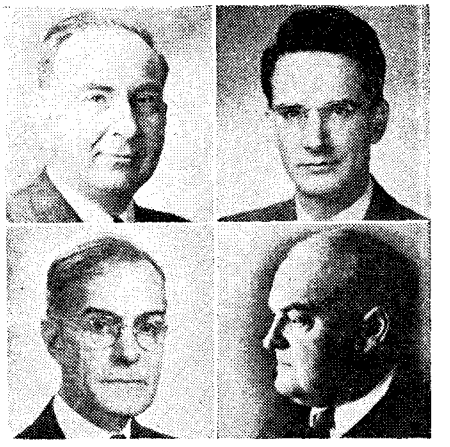
Angry Protestant clergymen have been known to advise their congregations that there is nothing to worry about in the Dead Sea scrolls because they cannot be translated. Redfaced, these have learned even as late as this past month that one of the least-likely looking scrolls had suddenly been unrolled and partly translated.

Those on both sides of the debate have taken the scrolls—and M. Dupont-Sommer—deadly seriously. Said the Very Rev. John J. Dougherty, a Catholic professor of Sacred Scriptures at the Immaculate Conception Seminary in Darlington, N. J. (thereby bringing the controversy down squarely on the head of Dupont-Sommer): "Mr. Wilson has taken one hypothetical interpretation, that of the French scholar André Dupont-Sommer . . . and presented it, dressed up in exciting diction, to the circle of those who can read but not evaluate. . . . That is mischief." Said the most vociferous of the Protestants, Dr. Frank M. Cross of McCormick Theological Seminary, who is one of three American scholars to have worked on the translations of the scrolls: "God chooses to give meaning to history, not suspend it. This means he uses its continuities, its language, its events, its institutions in speaking to men and in building his church." His implication: none but the Fundamentalist need be concerned that a study of the scrolls, *sans* Dupont-Sommer, will destroy his faith.

The conservatives have even heaped upon the French devil's advocate's head the charge that he has written two books on the subject—"The Dead Sea Scrolls: A Preliminary Survey" —and "The Jewish Sect of Qumran and the Essenes"—which disagree with each other and thereby make his position a highly untenable one. (Both are now out of print in the U.S., although their publisher, Macmillan, hopes to get new copies to the bookstores within a few weeks.) In an effort to clarify this keystone of the entire controversy *The Saturday Review* last week addressed a number of questions to the devil's advocate himself. "Since it is generally believed," our questionnaire to M. Dupont-Sommer said, "that your second book is more cautious than is your first book *The Saturday Review* would like to know whether you . . . continue to believe that there is evidence in the scrolls which may deny the uniqueness and divinity of Jesus? Do you find any new evidence for believing that orthodox Christian thinking may have to be revised in the light of the Dead Sea scrolls?"

THE answers should ease the minds of conservatives and prove that the affair of the Dead Sea scrolls has thus far been more emotional than rational. Wrote M. Dupont-Sommer in answer to the first question:

"*I never claimed that the Dead Sea scrolls could strike a blow against the 'uniqueness' of Jesus.* I simply pointed out, in my *Apercus preliminaries,* a certain number of characteristics held in common by the Teacher of Righteousness and Jesus. . . . *I believe that the Dead Sea scrolls do not deny the divinity of Jesus [even] in the sense of "Son of God Incarnate.* In a general sense, viewed as a whole, the originality of the Christian Church seems to me to remain unchallenged."



—*Alburtus-Yale News.* —*Sylvia Salmi.*

A. Dupont-Sommer, Dr. Frank M. Cross, Dr. Millar Burrows, and Edmund Wilson.

In answer to the second question, Dupont-Sommer wrote:

"I do not know how to define, exactly, 'orthodox Christian thinking.' My researches, let me emphasize, proceeded according to a strictly historical and scientific plan; I could not in good conscience base them on any 'orthodoxy' whatever. It is not up to me to say whether my conclusions or my hypotheses agree with 'orthodox Christian thinking.' I can only say that since 1951 many articles written by theologians or Christian historians have appeared which tend to reconcile the texts [of the scrolls] with the primitive Christian texts and to shed light by these comparisons on the history of early Christianity. I may add that I have often discussed the scrolls with Catholic and Protestant intellectuals, who have told me that their Christian faith could not be shaken by the fact that the Teacher of Righteousness and his sect prepared the way, as I have maintained, for the Christian Church. If some part of 'orthodox Christian thinking' must be revised in the light of the Dead Sea scrolls (and I cannot say whether this is necessary or not) it seems to me that generally speaking a living religion is never entirely static, and that it must adapt itself sooner or later to new points of view resulting from scientific inquiry."

To the country's fighting liberals the devil's advocate will thus appear to have lost his horns, for the man who seemed to be their greatest champion has made it clear that their questioning of the divinity of Jesus will probably not be settled by the Dead Sea scrolls.

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What Are the Dead Sea Scrolls?

By THEODOR H. GASTER, *associate in religion, Columbia University; author of "The Holy and the Profane."*

ON A SPRING day in 1947 an Arab boy stepped by chance into a cave on the western shore of the Dead Sea. Presently he called to a companion to join him, and shortly afterwards they emerged, each bearing an armful of leather rolls wrapped in linen cloths. When, after many adventures and misadventures, these eventually came into the hands of experts in Jerusalem they turned out to be ancient Hebrew manuscripts. Their contents were identified as:

- The Biblical Book of Isaiah, in a text differing significantly from the traditional Jewish recension.
- A commentary on the Book of Habakkuk, in which the author sought to refer the words of the prophet to the events of his own day.
- The Rule (or Manual of Discipline) of a Jewish ascetic order.
- A detailed plan of campaign for an apocalyptic war between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness.
- A "volume" of psalms or hymns of thanksgiving expressing, with great mystic fervor, both the dark night and the joyous dawn of men who believed that they had been especially illumined" by God and had therefore transcended the limitations of their mortality.

As soon as the news of the discovery got around scientific expeditions were organized to explore more thoroughly other caves in the same area. The results were no less sensational. Out of the darkness there gradually emerged hundreds and thousands of fragments of writing representing (among other things) almost every book of the Old Testament, a number of further commentaries, and the long-lost Hebrew and Aramaic originals of several familiar apocryphal and pseudepigraphic works (*e.g.*, the books of Tobit and Jubilees) that had hitherto survived only in Greek and other versions. From one cave alone came the remains of no less than ninety different manuscripts!

These are the now celebrated Dead Sea Scrolls. Who wrote them? About this an intriguing theory has been advanced. According to Pliny (23-79 A.D.) the western shore of the Dead Sea was occupied in his day by a fairly large colony of Essenes—ascetically-minded Jews who had left the cities in order to lead the holy life and who had formed themselves into a desert community on somewhat communistic lines. They had been there, he says, from the remote past, and though they eschewed marriage their numbers were constantly maintained and even increased by new recruits. It was these Essenes, runs the theory, that had their headquarters at Qumran and that actually penned the Scrolls; and in support of this view it is pointed out that the regulations contained in the newly-discovered Manual of Discipline agree remarkably with what Philo of Alexandria and Josephus tell us about Essenic practice and belief.

There are, to be sure, difficulties in the way of the Essene hypothesis. It has been observed, for instance, that besides the similarities between the Manual of Discipline and what we know of that sect there are also differences. This objection, however, can be easily met. It need not be assumed that everything found in the library of the Essene monastery was necessarily composed by Essenes or represented the doctrines which they actually professed in the first century, when Philo and Josephus described them. They may well have incorporated in their collections works of earlier sectarians with which they felt in general sympathy and from which they derived inspiration. Accordingly, while we may regard the Essenes as the later custodians of this literature and as the *copyists* (in many cases) of the actual scrolls that have been discovered, it need not follow that everything that has been retrieved is of Essenic *authorship* or must square with Essenic tenets of the first century A.D. And it is perhaps only fair to add that the Essenes are not the only candidates. The Qumran sect has been identified alternatively with the Ebionites, the early Judaeo-Christians and even the proto-Karaites. It may be said, in fact, that when the documents were brought out of the caves they were not, in the larger sense, brought into daylight, and that never in the history of scholarly speculation has so much been made by so many out of so little.

Nevertheless, whoever they may have been, the writers of the Scrolls have left a clear picture of their faith and of the ideals that moved them. The "Manual of Discipline," "War of the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness," and "Hymns of Thanksgiving," though seemingly disparate in content and form, hang together as three expressions of a single dominant theme. That theme is that one of the great cycles of time is drawing to a close. The world that men see and know is near collapse, and Armageddon is at hand. But the road of escape

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READERS who wish to delve deeper into the history and the controversy of the Dead Sea scrolls will find the following volumes useful:

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS. *By Millar Burrows. Viking Press.* $6.50. A scholarly but highly readable account of the scrolls and the interpretations of them by the chairman of the Department of Near Eastern Languages and Literature, Yale Graduate School.

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: A Preliminary Survey. *By A. Dupont-Sommer. Macmillan.* $2.25. The first book by the Sorbonne professor, in which he sets out to put down a few "working hypotheses" about the meaning of the scrolls to Christianity. This is the book on which much of Edmund Wilson's popularized volume is based.

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS AND THE ORIGINALITY OF CHRIST. *By Geoffrey Graystone, S. M. Sheed & Ward.* A Roman Catholic theologian's tranquil attempt to refute the Dupont-Sommer-Wilsonian thesis. (To be published April 11.)

THE JEWISH SECT OF QUMRAN AND THE ESSENES. *By A. Dupont-Sommer. Macmillan.* $2.50. The second study of the scrolls by the controversial Frenchman, in which he corrects a few mistaken interpretations of his first.

THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA. *By Edmund Wilson. Oxford University Press.* $3.25. The brief and popularly written volume which brought the controversy to the attention of the general American public.

THE ZADOKITE FRAGMENTS AND THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS. *By H. H. Rowley. Macmillan.* $3.25. An extensive survey of the discussion provoked by the Dead Sea scrolls up to the time of the book's publication in 1953, by a professor of Hebrew in the University of Manchester, England.

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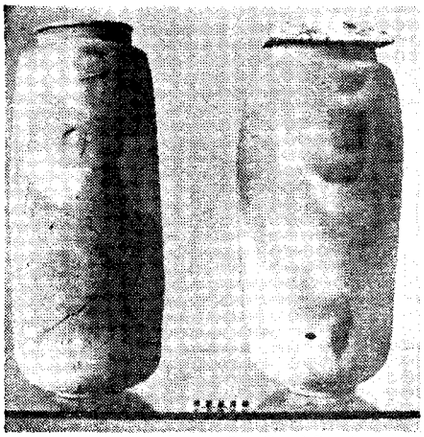

—From "The Dead Sea Scrolls."

Jars from the Dead Sea Caves.

is seen differently by different spirits. To some it lies in a strict return to the Law of Moses and in the organization of a community which will renew the ancient pledge of devotion and thereby conclude a new covenant with God. This is the attitude reflected in the "Manual of Discipline." To others the issue will be settled only by a final battle between good and evil. This is the attitude of the man who wrote the "War." But to the more mystic spirits escape lies rather in the experience of "illumination," in the sudden flash of insight which penetrates to the heart of reality and lays bare the hidden things of creation. By such vision, it is held, men who are molded of clay will automatically break loose from the shackles of the mundane and be raised to the plane of eternal things and of the choir invisible. This is the attitude which finds expression in the "Hymns."

All of these aspirations are couched in the language of traditional myth and of current philosophies. The community of the faithful—the "elect" of God—will be instructed by a prophetic and priestly exponent of the Law (the so-called "Teacher of Righteousness"), in accordance with the great words of God to Moses in the Book of Deuteronomy (18:18): "I will raise them up a prophet." But this teacher will be opposed by a false prophet and a "man of lies." Moreover, it would appear that in every age the members of the sect fitted these traditional masks upon different living persons, hoping always against hope that the final triumph would yet be realized.

Perhaps, in current discussion of the Dead Sea Scrolls too much attention is being paid to what has been said about them and too little to what they themselves say. Perhaps the most significant thing is the wonderful and somehow terrible picture that they draw of a community of men who went out to the most God-forsaken spot in their world in order to find God.

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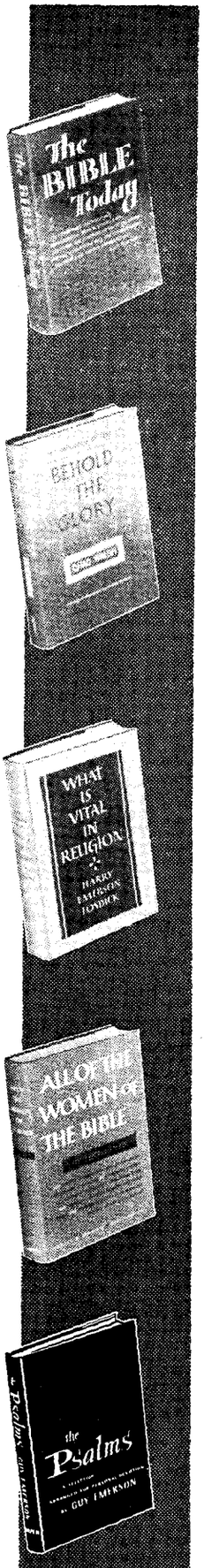

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Towering Inquirer

"Reinhold Niebuhr: His Religious, Social, and Political Thought," edited by Charles W. Kegley and Robert W. Bretall *(Macmillan, 486 pp. $6.50), brings together the heart of the philosophy of America's most influential living theologian, together with a number of critiques of it. Professor Robert Bierstedt, of City College of New York, reviews it below.*

By Robert Bierstedt

ACCORDING to an old and apocryphal story the faculty of Union Theological Seminary was once thrown into consternation by the discovery that a new professor, recently appointed, actually believed in God. This story, however ridiculous, invites attention nevertheless to the fact that some of the most articulate members of the staff of this famous Seminary have exhibited less interest in dogmatic theology than they have in the philosophy of religion. That is, they have been less inclined to profess theology than to inquire into it, less devoted to an exegesis of theological doctrines than to an examination of philosophical presuppositions, less concerned with dogma than with a search into the assumptions which underlie their creeds. When men possess certainty, of course, they have no need to inquire, and the processes of inquiry are thus of necessity surrounded by an aura of scepticism.

In this area of theological inquiry there stands a towering figure. His name is Reinhold Niebuhr. As a tribute to his life and work Charles W. Kegley and Robert W. Bretall have produced "Reinhold Niebuhr: His Religious, Social, and Political Thought" as the second in a new "Library of Living Theology." Patterned after the "Library of Living Philosophers," the book contains an intellectual autobiography of its subject, a series of appreciative and critical essays by twenty commentators, most of them theologians, and finally a Reply to the critics by Niebuhr himself. It is a pattern which permits the thinker to clarify ambiguous passages in his writings, to elaborate points of doctrine, to alleviate apparent inconsistencies, and even to take the offensive against his opponents. It gives the reader a ticket to a tournament and enables him to watch the thrust and counterthrust of forensic lances as they clash on the field of the mind.

Several of the essayists address themselves to Niebuhr's social and political thought. Most of them, however, attend to his theological theories. Most are Protestants, and the sharpest criticism of all comes from a "religious naturalist," Henry Nelson Wieman, who charges that Niebuhr misconstrues the nature of reason, suffers from an exaggerated pessimism, fails to probe deeply enough into the reality of sin, and exposes the Christian religion to corruption. A Jesuit scholar lays upon him the indictment of arrogance, in incisive response to which Niebuhr accuses the Catholic of "a very great heresy" and makes the appropriate and telling point, though not precisely in these words, that Mariolatry is moving contemporary Roman Catholicism a dangerous distance in the direction of polytheism. Of the two Jewish contributors one, Rabbi Alexander J. Burnstein, suggests that Niebuhr's view of man is "irretrievably dark" and ignores man's "extraordinary capacity for good."

The book, unfortunately, lacks an essay by a secular philosopher. A writer approaching Niebuhr from this vantage might be tempted to remark that, intoxicated as he is with the sense of sin and history, he is not really comfortable when he talks about God. This indeed is an inquiry he approaches with a noticeable reluctance. One of his critics finds it necessary to assert that Niebuhr does believe, an assertion to which Niebuhr soberly assents in his Reply, but the nature of the Godhead remains a mystery. Is this too a "valid symbol" rather than an existential reality?

—Fabian Bachrach.

Reinhold Niebuhr—"towering figure."

—Walter Stoneman.

C. S. Lewis—"spiritual pilgrimage."

Back to Faith

"Surprised by Joy: The Shape of My Early Life," by C. S. Lewis *(Harcourt, Brace. 238 pp. $3.50), tells the story of a journey away from Christianity—and the return trip. Our reviewer is Chad Walsh, whose most recent work is "Behold the Glory."*

By Chad Walsh

WHEN I visited England in 1948 C. S. Lewis mentioned that he was writing his "Memoirs" and said he had reached the end of World War I. It has taken seven years of intermittent work on the book—now published as "Surprised by Joy"—for him to carry the story up to his thirty-first year, when, "kicking, struggling, resentful, and darting his eyes in every direction for a chance of escape," the future author of "The Screwtape Letters" found himself brought to bay by the God he had skilfully and sometimes desperately tried to fight off. And there, except for a brief epilogue, the story ends. This is not intended as a full-dress autobiography.

Dr. Lewis is a writer who usually works fast and with a sure touch. That he should have taken so much time in completing his memoirs is perhaps due in part to the extreme reticence characteristic of British dons and professors. But even a lusty extrovert might stand appalled at the task of trying to trace with accuracy and insight the tangled skein of circumstances leading from faith to atheism and back to faith. Disillusionment and conversion alike are rarely simple, and the attempt to chart them is beset with the danger of making the stages more schematic on paper than they were in living reality.

Something of reticence lingers in

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this account of spiritual pilgrimage. Dr. Lewis indeed shares intimate moments of experience, but his language mutes them as much as possible, and he maintains a curious air of objectivity, as though he were writing a psychological and sociological study of someone who happened to be named C. S. Lewis. But the very restraint of the book becomes an added source of power. The reader senses that much is to be read between the lines, and his imagination is aroused to provide the emotional links.

THE story is in its first stages a familiar one. A boy brought up in a reasonably happy home and willing to accept its religion as a normal part of life comes to the time of doubt in his early 'teens. In Dr. Lewis's case the reasons for growing skepticism have a special flavor. For example, through the study of literature he discovers other religions, which the scholars all assume without argument to be false, and the idea comes to him that maybe Christianity is equally false. The influence of a theosophical matron at one of the numerous schools he attended is also important; she excites his vivid imagination with her delight in esoteric religions, and gives him a vague feeling that wherever the truth may lie it cannot reside in prosaic Christianity.

The journey back is revealed as a two-fold one, though Dr. Lewis seems not to have clearly recognized this until after the journey was complete. The one road was logic. The rigorous intellectual honesty, the hatred of cant, which had helped drive him to atheism, finally turned against unbelief as he discovered that atheism raises more logical questions than it settles. The other road was the experience which he here calls "joy" and which in his "Pilgrim's Regress" goes by the name of "romance." From childhood on Lewis had experienced sudden flashes of insight, moments of illumination, in which for an instant the universe seemed to open itself and reveal some ultimate meaning. The springboard for the experience could be a line of poetry, music, a landscape, almost anything. But "joy" had always the same quality, implying something beyond mere happiness; always it pointed beyond the visible world altogether. Such "intimations of immortality" are probably common enough, but for Lewis their full meaning did not become clear until after he had been captured, kicking and squirming, by the inexorable God. Then he came to see that God Himself is the ultimate meaning which had tantalized him in the fleeting moments of insight.

Anyone approaching this book as a study in the psychology of conversion will find the greatest interest in the dual paths—intellectual and intuitive—which converged at last. But the casual reader looking merely for an enjoyable book will equally value many other parts, particularly the vivid and fearful pictures of British "public" school life as the future Dr. Lewis experienced it at a number of institutions, each uniquely bad in its own way.

Notes

CHRISTIAN ANXIETY: In "Anxiety in Christian Experience" (Westminster Press, $3) Wayne E. Oates, who is professor of psychology of religion and pastoral care at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, is writing out of long experience. He organizes the typical anxieties which turn up in Christian experience under eight heads: economic, finitude anxiety, grief, sin, legalistic anxiety, the anxiety reactions of the morally indifferent, the anxiety of the Cross, and holy bread.

In each case he illustrates the problem and the type with appropriate case material. The cumulative thesis of the book as a whole is that the essential Christian symbol of death and resurrection provides the most intelligible analogy to the Christian experience of overcoming anxiety. For the Christian layman, especially, this book will provide rich insights and real help in problem understanding and solving. It is not meant to be a substitute, however, for the wise counselor skilled in helping with the more stubborn, often unknown, fears that plague us. But it could lead many to seek this help.

—ROSCOE THORNTON FAUST.

THE LATEST FROM TILLICH: The publication of a new book by Paul Tillich is always an event of great importance in the world of religious thought. His is recognized by all as one of the great intellects of our time. He not only understands the brokenness of man and his world; he also speaks an authentic word of hope about a God who accepts and forgives man even though he be unacceptable by any standard, human or divine. **"The New Being"** (Scribner's, $2.75) carries forth this thought and others characteristic of Dr. Tillich's teaching in his own inimitable and memorable way. His word is spoken with beauty and with power.

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The Jewish Sect of Qumran and the Essenes
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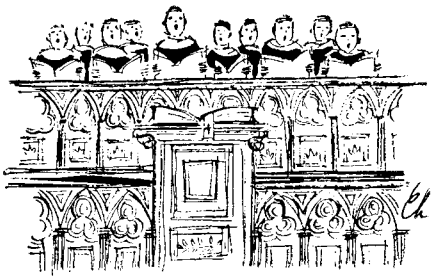
PSYCHIATRY AND RELIGION: Smiley Blanton, M.D., has collaborated with Norman Vincent Peale on two volumes about the close relationship there is, or could be, between psychiatry and religion in their common concern for the whole man. Some felt that there was more religion in the psychiatric half of the books than in the religious half. Now in **"Love or Perish"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50; paperbound, $1) Dr. Blanton on his own gives us the distilled wisdom of his insight and loving concern for many men and women of all ages. One feels a religious depth and warmth that do not need to be labeled religion to stir the mind or kindle the heart. He speaks of love, of the crying need of all men to love and be loved—and love is of God whether it bears the label of its origin or not. Dr. Blanton doesn't try to draw any subtle distinction between *eros* and *agapé;* truly to share one is to enjoy the other. It is an ever-present reality, or we perish. "Far from being a tenuous ideal," he says, "it is a dynamic reality that serves as our only true protection against the disintegrating forces of nature both within ourselves and in the world outside." Without recourse to psychiatric jargon, but with great gentleness and affection, he leads his readers through the succeeding joys and sorrows of the swiftly passing years with kindly but firm reminders that whatever the fortunes or misfortunes of their lives



may have been they too may give and receive love, not to live happily ever after in peace and serenity, but that they may live life fully at all levels, able to accept tribulation as well as joy. Peace comes both ways when it is borne on the wings of love. The thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians provides the summary. St. Paul and Dr. Blanton are in complete agreement. Without love man is nothing. —R. T. F.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION: ITS NATURE AND PURPOSE: Five years ago Lewis J. Sherrill made a significant contribution to our understanding of the psychology of human development in "The Struggle of the Soul." Now in **"The Gift of Power"** (Macmillan, $3) he offers us his keen insight and wisdom on "that new philosophy of Christian education which is taking shape." He defines Christian education as "the attempt, ordinarily by members of the Christian community, to participate in and to guide the changes which take place in persons in their relationships with God, with the Church, with other persons, with the physical world, and with oneself." He begins his task by asking the right questions. Is it possible for man to become the kind of creature who can peaceably and constructively manage the power given him? Is it possible for him to survive and thrive under the pressures of modern life? Then he asks: 1) Why is man so disturbed today? 2) In what way is the Christian religion relevant to his condition? 3) How can the educational work of the church also be made relevant? The right answer to these questions is dependent upon our understanding and awareness of the divine revelation, which he interprets as the movement of the divine self toward the human self in redemptive self-disclosure in the Christian community. The Bible prepares men to perceive God in his self-revelation and to respond to Him. Biblical revelation is not apart from the real needs of man; indeed it fits the human predicament precisely. As man responds to his continuous encounter with God in his self-revelation he becomes the new man. Christian education, then, is also theological discipline, and thus seen cannot be an extracurricular activity of the church. —R. T. F.

Protestant Reading List

***Chad Walsh**, professor of English, Beloit College, author of "Campus Gods on Trial," has drawn up the following list of suggested reading for Protestants during this Lenten period. Dr. Walsh is himself the author of a new book, "Behold the Glory" (Harper, $2), which would quite probably be on this list if it had been compiled by someone else.*

BENEFITS OF HIS PASSION. By C. H. Dodd. Abingdon Press. $1.

THE BIBLE SPEAKS TO YOU. By Robert McAfee Brown. Westminster Press. $3.

A DIARY OF READINGS. By John Baillie. Scribner's. $2.50.

ENCOUNTER WITH REVOLUTION. By M. Richard Shaull. Association Press. $2.50.

THE GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF MAN. By David E. Roberts. Oxford University Press. $3.

HENTZ: OF THINGS NOT SEEN. By Harriet Hentz Houser. Macmillan. $3.50.

INTERPRETING GOD'S GOSPEL. By Archibald M. Hunter. Westminster Press. $2.50.

THE LEGEND OF THE BAALSHEM. By Martin Buber. Translated by Maurice Friedman. Harper. $3.

MAKING RELIGION REAL. By Nels F. S. Ferré. Harper. $2.

NEARER TO HEAVEN. By Frank Baker. Westminster Press. $3.50.

THE NEW BEING. By Paul Tillich. Scribner's. $2.75.

REDISCOVERING PRAYER. By John L. Casteel. Association Press. $3.50.

THE RENEWAL OF MAN: A TWENTIETH CENTURY ESSAY ON JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH. By Alexander Miller. Doubleday. $2.95.

THE SECRET OF EFFECTIVE PRAYER. By Helen Smith Shoemaker. Fleming H. Revell. $2.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Evelyn Underhill. Harper. $1.75.

THE STRANGENESS OF THE CHURCH. By Daniel Jenkins. Doubleday. $2.95.

THOUGHTS: AN APOLOGY FOR CHRISTIANITY. By Blaise Pascal. Edited with an introduction by Thomas S. Kepler. World. $1.50.

ULTIMATE QUESTIONS. By Nathaniel Micklem. Abingdon Press. $2.

UNCOMMON PRAYERS. Collected by Cecil Hunt. Seabury Press. $3.50.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT. By Marjorie Wilkinson. Abingdon Press. $1.

WE LIVE BY FAITH. By Ruby Lornell. Muhlenberg Press. $2.

WHEN GOD WAS MAN. By J. B. Phillips. Abingdon Press. $1.

THE WORDS OF OUR WORSHIP: A STUDY IN PRAYER BOOK MEANINGS. By Carroll E. Simcox. Morehouse-Gorham. $3.50.

THE WORLD OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER: A BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHS. By Erica Anderson. Text and captions by Eugene Exman. Harper. $5.

THE YOUNG CHURCH IN ACTION: A TRANSLATION OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. By J. B. Phillips. Macmillan. $2.50.

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The Healing Spring

"The Miracle of Lourdes," by Ruth Cranston *(McGraw-Hill. 286 pp. $4.50), is a Protestant's report on a famous Roman Catholic shrine. It is reviewed here by Frances Parkinson Keyes, the popular novelist.*

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

AROUND the middle of the nineteenth century a commission of "hard-headed and skeptical men" was set up by the Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes to investigate the claim of a sickly little peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, that she had seen in a series of apparitions near a desolate grotto a "Beautiful Lady" who commanded that a chapel should be built there, and that people should come to it with prayer and penitence and bathe in a nearby spring. No such spring was visible at the time; but it came to light when Bernadette dug in the earth at the point the Lady had designated, and a trickle grew to a stream. A crude shrine was erected nearby and soon another claim demanded recognition: that many of those who went to pray at the shrine and to bathe in the spring were miraculously healed of various apparently incurable ailments of both body and mind.

The Bishop's action was inspired by a response to these claims so widespread and immediate that he could not ignore it; nevertheless he did not act either impulsively or hastily, but cautiously and deliberately. The commission was even more cautious and deliberate; four years were spent in exhaustive study and investigation. Then the hard-headed and skeptical men rendered their verdict: Bernadette had not been the victim of hallucinations nor had she been lying; as for the alleged cures, they "must definitely be considered miraculous—*i.e.*, contrary to all biological laws and medical science."

The medical profession was even slower than the Church to admit the existence of the phenomena; but though some members of it remained skeptical by and large it was forced to do so, and one especially famous physician, Alexis Carrel, who "went to scoff, remained to pray," and bore witness in his writings to the truth as he saw it. The establishment of a Medical Bureau and a Medical Commission was only a question of time; and these bodies were formed, as they are still formed, not only from French Catholic doctors but from doctors of a dozen different nationalities, including non-Catholic and even non-Christian physicians of unimpeachable standing. Neither are the Bureau and Commission approached by cripples and invalids independently, but under the sponsorship of their own local physicians, who vouch for their patients' veracity and testify to the nature of their diseases and to the treatments previously given such sufferers. In short, the case histories are complete. Under these conditions chicanery on the part of the sick and false diagnoses on the part of the doctors are equally foolproof.

Mrs. Cranston deserves the gratitude of the Church, the medical profession, and the world at large for the careful way in which she has clarified all this. It was a happy day for all of us when she decided to go to Lourdes to make a thorough study of what has happened there in the century which has passed since the Beautiful Lady appeared and the miraculous cures began; to see for herself what is happening there today; and then to write about all this for the benefit of those who cannot take such a journey and make such investigations, or who have done so timidly, hastily, or skeptically. It would be hard to imagine anyone more ideally suited for such a task: as a Protestant she cannot be accused of propaganda; as a keen observer and careful student little escapes her; as an experienced reporter she knows how to interpret and record her observations. She is candid, she is fair, she is logical, and she is so objective that at times she would seem almost detached were it not for her earnestness; and she presents facts and figures in a way which not only com-

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Bibliography, illus., maps. 480 pp. $6.50

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mands respect but arouses interest. For the most part she limits herself to presenting her case without comments on the side; overall her style is terse and precise; and she dwells on the human aspects of the cures quite as often as she does on the spiritual exaltation which is usually, but not always, an essential part of them.

Notes

THE VATICAN AND THE PAPACY: When informed of his election to the Papacy Pius XII prayed: "Lord, Thou art great and merciful. Have pity on me." Like most of his predecessors, he had not wanted an honor weighted with so fearful a spiritual burden. **"The Popes,"** by Zsolt Aradi (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4), deals less with that burden than with the supreme office itself. The author surveys the history of the Papacy and minutely details the procedures and ceremonies ensuant on the death of a Pope and the election and coronation of his successor. "The Popes" is a valuable little reference work listing all the Pontiffs chronologically and sketching the biographies of today's Cardinals.

"The Vatican," by Jean Neuvecelle (Criterion, $4.50), is broader in scope and more immediate and intimate in character. It devotes only one section to the Papal succession. This book deals specifically—and personally—with the solitary ascetic who reigns as Pius XII and with key members of the hierarchy. We get close-ups of the Pope's matutinal goldfinch, the little office where are received scribbled messages from Iron Curtain martyrs, the modest menages of surprisingly unaffluent Cardinals. Exact figures are quoted for salaries of Vatican personnel and the expenses involved in canonization. As for marriage annulments, processes of which are explained, 40 per cent of the cases are reviewed without charge. In his own chatty way, the author examines Pius XII's attitude toward Communism, his reforms in religious dress, and his promotion of a lay apostolate. Both books are illustrated with photographs of Vatican settings and ceremonies.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

LIVES OF OUR LADY: In **"The Handmaid of the Lord"** (David McKay, $3) Adrienne von Speyr essays a fresh interpretation of the life of Our Lady. Taking up in sequence the New Testament episodes in which the Virgin plays a part, Dr. von Speyr, a Swiss convert, brings out fundamental attitudes of Mary's soul and her participation in man's redemption. Concluding chapters dwell on the Assumption and Our Lady's influence in the world today. This book constitutes, in effect, a series of meditations, profound and original in approach and of an almost mystical exaltation.

An impressive pictorial biography of Our Lady is **"Mary, Mother of God"** (Regnery, $10). One hundred and thirty-two plates— twenty in color— depict Marian scenes as conceived by Western artists of many lands, schools, and eras. There is a wealth of critical notes on the artists and their treatment of the Madonna. Henri Ghéon has written the introduction. His translators, incidentally, use "worship instead of "veneration," thus implying a non-existent Mariolatry. This unusual little gallery of masters should appeal to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. —A. F. W.

CHRIST'S GRANDMOTHER: One of the most endearing of the homely touches in Frances Parkinson Keyes's **"St. Anne: Grandmother of Our Saviour"** (Messner, $5) concerns the finding of the twelve-year-old Jesus in the Temple. When the Boy was missed from the family group His parents finally decided that He probably went to His grandmother's. It was through her, the author concludes, that they traced Him to the Temple. Mrs. Keyes has not only told the story of Mary's mother with charm, reverence, and a grandmother's insight, but has enriched it with more than fifty illustrations from classical sculpture and painting. She has, moreover, included in this handsome volume a history of the cult of St. Anne, a description of shrines and festivals and a collection of poems inspired by this popular saint of family life. —A. F. W.

MEMORIES OF BELLOC: The early half of the Chesterbelloc once said of the late half that even in low spirits he was better company than anyone else in high spirits. J. B. Morton's memoir **"Hilaire Belloc"** (Sheed & Ward, $3) sparkles with the controversial controversialist's "creative talk," his songs, his French wit and English humor. In his chronicle of a thirty years' friendship the author, who is "Beachcomber" of the *London Daily Mail,* reveals too the inner sadness of Belloc's last decades. He feared for the survival of his poetry, which he esteemed above his prose. A dedicated family man, he never ceased to mourn his wife and the son who was lost in the First World War. His warnings on the rise of Communism and Nazism went unheeded. In the war against Hitler he lost a second son. An adventurous wanderer on land and sea, Belloc found solace in his faith and his devotion to Our Lady. —A. F. W.

Catholic Reading List

HELEN HAYES, *the distinguished actress, has compiled the following suggestions for reading by Roman Catholics during the Lenten period.*

An Autobiography from the Jesuit Underground. By William Weston. Translated by Philip Caraman, S. J. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.

Around the Year. By Maria Augusta Trapp. Pantheon. $3.95.

The Bent World. By J. V. Langmead Casserley. Oxford University Press. $4.

Catholic Approaches to Modern Dilemmas and Eternal Truths. Edited by Elizabeth Pakenham. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.50.

Flesh and Blood. By François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.

Graceful Living. By John Fearon. Newman Press. $2.50.

The History of Israel. By Giuseppe Ricciott. Translated by Clement Della Penta, O. P. and Richard T. A. Murphy, O. P. Bruce. 2 vols., $15.

Introductory Papers on Dante. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Harper. $4.

John Carroll of Baltimore. By Annabelle M. Melville. Scribner's.$4.50.

Journey to Somewhere. By John Patrick Carroll-Abbing. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

Make Each Day Count. By James Keller. Hanover House. $2.95.

No Man Is an Island. By Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace. $3.95.

On the Truth of the Catholic Faith. By St. Thomas Aquinas. Translated by Anton C. Pegis. Hanover House, $2.50. Image Books, 85¢.

The Psalms. Fides translation by Mary Perkins Ryan. Fides. $3.95.

Red Shoes for Nancy. By Marguerite Hamilton. Lippincott. $2.95.

Retrial of Joan of Arc. By Regine Pernoud. Harcourt, Brace. $4.75.

The Road to "Human Destiny." By Mary Lecomte du Nouy. Longmans Green. $5.

A Rocking-horse Catholic. By Caryll Houselander. Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

The Rosary of Our Lady. By Romano Guardini. Kenedy. $2.50.

The Spear. By Louis De Wohl. Lippincott. $2.95.

Towards Evening. By Mary Hope. Sheed & Ward. $3.

Tremendous Trifles. By G. K. Chesterton. Sheed & Ward. $2.75.

Twenty Tales of Irish Saints. By Alice Curtayne. Sheed & Ward. $2.75.

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Men of Great Wit

"Certain People of the Book," by Maurice Samuel *(Alfred A. Knopf. 363 pp. $5), is a Jewish scholar's re-examination of a group of characters in the Old Testament. Ludwig Lewisohn, professor of literature at Brandeis University, finished this review of the book shortly before his recent death.*

By Ludwig Lewisohn

IN HIS best books Maurice Samuel has displayed qualities that are excessively rare in Contemporary American literature. They are the qualities which the eighteenth century summed up under the word and concept of "wit"—the highest innate ability (for the romantic word "genius" must be avoided here) tempered by supreme good sense. The man of great "wit" produced works which combined the highest lucidity of thinking with an equal precision of speech. Such are the qualities which Mr. Samuel has used over the years in treating a number of subjects of the highest human and philosophical import. He applies them now in "Certain People of the Book" to the consideration of a group of characters in that book of Hebrew Scripture which the world calls the Old Testament.

His sources are twofold: the Text as it stands and the Tradition. By Text he means the book as it has come down to us through the ages. He uses neither the lower nor the so-called "higher criticism," the latter being that now thoroughly discredited analytical criticism of German origin which tore asunder and rearranged the traditional text. The Tradition which he uses is that of the discursive, imaginative commentary on scripture produced by the rabbis or sages of Israel in Talmud (teaching) and Midrash (commentary). But even the second source he uses very sparingly, far more so than Thomas Mann used it in "Joseph and His Brothers." He faces the Text of scripture as it stands. He has faith in its inexhaustible significance, and he found—as the reader will—that faith entirely justified. In brief, he has himself, following the old, old tradition, produced a Midrash—a discursive imaginative commentary, growing out of this age and applicable to its ways of thought and feeling. No antique or medieval sage would have dreamed of writing: "Repentant sinners make poor teachers; their pupils want to go to the same school." There we have the application of "wit" in that fine neo-classical sense to scripture event and character.

In his choice of characters Mr. Samuel was confessedly guided by recollections of childhood. Elijah, the lovable prophet of Jewish folklore, the omnipresent, the foreteller of the Messiah, led him to Ahab and Jezebel and all that coil of strange and violent happenings. The problem of the Abrahamic blessing and so of Rachel's destined maneuvering led him to the question of Joseph and *his* failure to be the continuator of the significant blessing. The feast of Purim led him to analyze the pompous fool Ahasuerus, and the glory of the tradition of David to contemplate the characters of Michael and Abigail and Bathsheba. Out of maturer thought and feeling arose the exquisite Idyl of Old Age, of which Naomi is the protagonist and the analysis of the Balaam episode, even though here, too, there echoed no doubt the beginning of the morning devotions: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, thy dwellings, O Israel." But Mr. Samuel also lifts minor and almost unnoticed characters into the light—Paltiel who was once Michal's husband, a nameless little maid of Israel, captive of Naaman in the second book of Kings; the Hebrew midwives Shiphrah and Puah, whom Pharao commanded to kill the men children in Israel and who defied that command.

What, above all, Mr. Samuel's book

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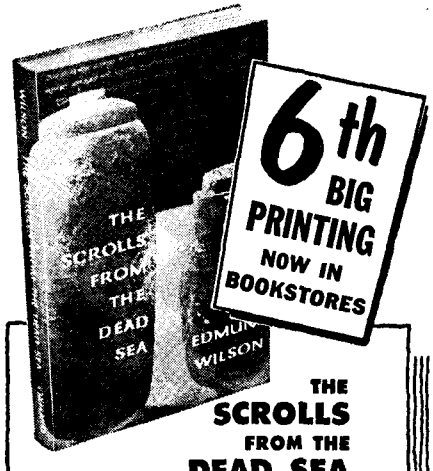

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Reading List for Jews

Rabbi Philip S. Bernstein of Temple B'rith Kodesh, Rochester, N. Y., author of "What the Jews Believe" and former president of the American Council of American Rabbis, has compiled the following list of books of Jewish interest.

AMERICAN JEWRY COMES OF AGE. By Israel Goldstein. Bloch Publishing Co. $3.50.

THE BIBLE: A MODERN JEWISH APPROACH. By Bernard J. Bamberger. Bloch Publishing Co. $1.50.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS: THE STORY OF A MASS HYSTERIA. By Nicholas Halasz. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF THE BOOK. By Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE COLLECTED STORIES. By Isaac Babel. Criterion Books. $5.

THE GREAT FAIR: SCENES FROM MY CHILDHOOD. By Sholom Aleichem. Noonday Press. $3.75.

ISRAEL'S EMERGING CONSTITUTION: 1948-1951. By Emanuel Rackman. Columbia University Press. $3.

ISRAEL, THE ETERNAL IDEAL. By Irving Miller. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $2.75.

JUDAISM FOR THE MODERN AGE. By Robert Gordis. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50.

THE LAST TEMPTATION. By Joseph Viertel. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

LIFE IN A KIBBUTZ. By Murray Weingarten. Reconstructionist Press. $3.25.

A LOST PARADISE: EARLY REMINISCENSES. By Samuel Chotzinoff. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.95.

MEMOIRS OF AMERICAN JEWS, 1775-1865. By Jacob Rader Marcus. Jewish Publication Society. 2 vols. $8.

THE MESSIANIC IDEA IN ISRAEL. By Joseph Klausner. Macmillan. $7.50.

THE NAG. By Mendele Mocher Sefarim. Beechhurst Press. $3.50.

GOD IN SEARCH OF MAN: A PHILOSOPHY OF JUDAISM. By Abraham J. Heschel. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.75.

THE PROPHET. By Sholom Asch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

PROTESTANT-CATHOLIC-JEW. By Will Herberg. Doubleday. $4.

THE RESPONSA LITERATURE. By Solomon B. Freehof. Jewish Publication Society. $3.50.

SATAN IN GORAY. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Noonday Press. $3.

THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA. By Edmund Wilson. Oxford University Press. $3.25.

THE SECRET ROADS. By Jon and David Kimche. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.

THE SUN AT NOON. Charles Angoff. Beechhurst Press. $4.50.

A TREASURY OF YIDDISH STORIES. By Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg. Viking Press. $5.95.

WAY OF VALOR. By Marie Syrkin. Sharon Books. $3.75.

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illustrates is the enormous vitality of scripture, its overwhelming inner truth. It has been commented on in every age for many ages. And all these commentaries were *pertinent*, even when they were not valid, even when they were intruded into the text to serve alien purposes. Now comes a thoroughly equipped modern mind, equipped with all psychological and philosophical resources, and finds the scriptural characterizations and events equally significant and vital, equally to his purpose, leading him on into subtlest considerations concerning the nature of man and the meaning of destiny. It leads that mind to the question of all questions: why things *are* as they *are*, and evokes the quite final observation that this question is not "a question but a disguised statement of the limitations of our mental possibilities."

The final chapter "The Brilliant Failure," being an analysis of the character of Joseph, inevitably brings Mr. Samuel in direct contact with Thomas Mann's tetralogy, "Joseph and His Brothers." Mr. Samuel, who has the justest views and the deepest admiration for Thomas Mann, nevertheless maintains that Mann had too high a notion of Joseph and was willing to forgive him too much. And it must be admitted that Mr. Samuel makes out a brilliant case for the fact—for fact it was—that Judah inherited the Abrahamic blessing and not Joseph, even though Jacob doted on him even as Thomas Mann also does. Thus "Certain People of the Book" ends with a chapter which, in addition to its intrinsic import, constitutes a criticism of one of the great epic achievements of the twentieth century. But Mr. Samuel's brilliant, attractive, and stylistically exquisite performance hardly needed this additional advantage.

Notes

ANSWER'S TO MAN'S ULTIMATE QUESTIONS: In the field of Jewish philosophy this is the age of Martin Buber and Abraham J. Heschel, who espouse mysticism and Hasidic enthusiasm. Dr. Heschel's previous efforts, especially "The Earth Is the Lord's" and "The Sabbath," have been profoundly influential among modern rabbis and have also impressed Christian theologians. Dr. Heschel's latest book, **"God in Search of Man"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $5), is subtitled "A Philosophy of Judaism" and logically follows "Man Is Not Alone: A Philosophy of Religion."

Like every product of his pen, "God in Search of Man" is beautifully written, well organized, and surprisingly clear even to the lay reader. "Religion," Dr. Heschel declares, "is answer to man's ultimate questions," and in this book he proceeds to discuss Judaism under three major headings: God, Revelation, and Response. Each section is carefully thought out, full of clarity in the midst of mystical beliefs, and profound. He manages to discuss not only the essence of religious existence and man's return to God, but many side issues, all of which are pertinent to his effort to expound the philosophy of Judaism.

"The theme of theology is the content of believing," Dr. Heschel assures his readers at the outset. "The theme of the present study is the act of believing. Its purpose is to explore the depth of faith, the substratum out of which belief arises, and its method may be called *depth-theology*." Judaism to Dr. Heschel is a "reality . . . not merely a feeling or an experience. It claims that certain extraordinary events occurred in which it originated. It stands for certain basic teachings. It claims to be the commitment of a people to God. To understand the meaning of these events, teachings, and commitments is the task of a philosophy of Judaism." Dr. Heschel applies himself to this task with emotion, with skill, with erudition, and with religious fervor.

—HAROLD U. RIBALOW.

BUBER AND HASIDIM AGAIN: Martin Buber, the great Jewish philosopher and expositor of Hasidim, the eighteenth-century Jewish mystical movement, admits that "it is fifty years since the legends of Hasidic literature cast their spell over me," in **"The Legend of the Baal-Shem"** (Harper, $3). In this slight book of twenty stories of the Baal-Shem and a descriptive account of Hasidism, Buber again reveals that he has drunk so deep from the well of Hasidism that there is no end to the inspiration he has drawn—and is willing to share.

Previously, a half-century ago, Buber made available in German the tales of the Hasidim. In this new offering he presents twenty stories about the Baal-Shem, the Master of God's Name, the founder of Hasidism, who

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lived in Eastern Europe from 1700 to 1760. In the life of the Baal-Shem presented here Buber writes that "I do not report the development and decline of the sect; nor do I describe its customs. I only desire to communicate the relation to God and the world that these men intended, willed, and sought to live. I also do not enumerate the dates and facts which make up the biography of the Baal-Shem. I build up his life out of his legends, which contain the dream and the longing of a people."

Written originally in 1907, revised in 1954, and excellently translated into English now by Maurice S. Friedman, "The Legend of the Baal-Shem" includes straight narrative, adventure and fairy stories, parables and anecdotes, and Jewish wisdom and lore. It is drenched in lyricism and Jewish and Hasidic morality. The tales are in themselves fascinating and one, "The Soul Which Descended," is a beautiful love story as well as a symbolic tale of love and faith. —H. U. R.

JEWISH COMMUNITY LIFE IN TEXT AND PICTURES: In the belief that "the synagogue is the core of Jewish life," Desider Holisher has collated more than 200 photographs, with appropriate captions in an attempt to portray "one of the world's oldest institutions, the Jewish house of religion as we behold it in the United States," in his new book, **"The Synagogue and Its People"** (Abelard-Schuman, $4.50).

In addition to a simply-written, accurate account of the meaning of the synagogue and its development in the 4,000 Jewish houses of worship in the United States, Mr. Holisher offers picture-and-text sections on America's early congregations; on the architecture of the synagogue, with its recent modern styles and designs; on the observation of the Sabbath and the holidays; on Jewish education; on the Bar Mitzvah or confirmation; on the rabbi and his flock; on the laymen and the community center.

Some of the photographs help to illuminate the text, but too many of them seem posed and as a result are neither persuasive nor interesting. One wonders, too, just what such a book is supposed to do: is it intended to convince practising Jews that what they do is right? Is its aim to reveal to skeptics or Christians that Jewish rituals and traditions are worth their respect? A picture-and-text book unless the photographs are of historic or artistic merit, is seldom worth the effort. The illustrations here are, for the most part, the smug public-relations photographs one sees all the time in the press. Thus, whatever message the author wished to convey is muffled or unheard. —H. U. R.

Other Religious Books

By Siegfried Mandel

CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS, GENERAL: Some of the most interesting of the new religious books reflect a desire to apply religious ideas to the problems of contemporary society. For example, in **"The Conflict of Religions"** (Scribners, $2.50) Philip H. Ashby, a Princeton professor, appraises the major religions of East and West, enumerates the areas of agreement and discord in the world today, and warns that man's future is in danger unless a spirit of religious cooperation develops. A different sort of warning comes from J. V. Langmead Casserley, professor of dogmatic theology at New York's General Theological Seminary, who argues in **"The Bent World: A Christian Examination of East-West Tensions"** (Oxford University Press, $4) that our secular civilization by its failure to draw on religious potentials is in a weak position in the ideological struggle with Russia. The singular role played by the Vatican and its representatives in international diplomacy during the past forty years is given a journalistic tribute by Constantine, Prince of Bavaria, in **"The Pope: A Portrait From Life"** (Roy Publishers, $4).

Even closer to the American scene is Will Herberg's heavily documented study of **"Protestant, Catholic, Jew: An Essay in American Religious Sociology"** (Doubleday, $4). Mr. Herberg analyzes and compares religious teachings *vs.* secular practice in an attempt to determine what the widely-heralded upswing of religion in our country really means. James H. Robinson of the Church of the Master in Harlem is the first Negro to be invited to deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale. These talks, which together provide a dynamic discussion of racio-religious problems in the U.S., are now available in book form as **"Adventurous Preaching"** (Channel Press, $2.50). From another angle, Elizabeth Pakenham has enlisted a host of writers to explain the **"Catholic Approach to Modern Dilemmas and Eternal Truths"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $3.50). These essays probe a variety of philosophical and social questions, including art and sacrament, sex, politics, and education.

CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS, SPECIFIC: Increasing recognition is being given these days to the need for increasing the clergyman's consultative skill and effectiveness in community work. Toward this end Anton T. Boisen, who founded the movement for clinical pastoral training, in **"Religion in Crisis and Custom"** (Harper, $4) ex-

"When will Daddy come?"

Sul Ja wants her daddy. Every day she looks for him. Every day she asks her mother, "When will Daddy come?" Sul Ja is only four years old. How can her mother explain why Daddy doesn't come—that he still is a prisoner of the Communists in North Korea, that he may even be dead?

Sul Ja's mother doesn't say these things. Like Sul Ja, she hopes that her husband will come back some day. In the meantime she struggles desperately to keep her little family together. In war-torn Seoul, where thousands of refugees strive to rebuild their lives, the young mother runs a roadside stand—and makes $10 a month! This does little more than pay the rent, let alone meet the needs of a growing child like Sul Ja. With Korea's bitter winter here, her plight is still more precarious.

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plains the social psychology which dominates the lives of people in respect to specific historical and current economic settings. Another book concerned with the same problem is **"The Minister's Consultation Clinic"** edited by Simon Doniger (Channel Press, $3.95), in which a panel of distinguished psychiatrists, psychologists, and clergymen discuss "case histories."

Dealing searchingly with the question of how to apply denominational teaching in community education, three books should prove valuable: **"Protestant Nurture: An Introduction to Christian Education,"** by Harry C. Munro (Prentice-Hall, $5); **"Little Lower Than the Angels,"** by Roland B. Gittelsohn (Union of American Hebrew Congregations, $3), a primer and workbook for the high-school level written from the viewpoint of Reform Judaism; and **"Rediscovering the Church,"** by George Laird Hunt of the Presbyterian Board of Education (Association Press, $3).

BIBLE STUDIES: Roland Hall Sharp, former reporter for *The Christian Science Monitor*, has pulled off a unique feat by traversing every corner of the globe and compiling his impressions of the impact of the Bible on lives of everyday people in a book **"On Wings of the World"** (Little, Brown, $4.50). Combining scholarship and readability, Mary Ellen Chase, author of "The Bible and the Common Reader," impressionistically recreates the **"Life and Language in the Old Testament"** and tells how it came about (W. W. Norton, $3). Most of the articles in **"The Bible Today"** (Harper, $5) appeared in a special supplement to the London *Times*. In them British scholars and writers discuss the Bible in the light of archeology and new historical editions and translations. The noted theologian Paul Tillich in a series of essays, **"Biblical Religion and the Search for Ultimate Reality"** (University of Chicago Press, $2.25), stresses the unity of Biblical symbolism. In **"The Messianic Idea in Israel"** (Macmillan, $7.50) Joseph Klausner, the noted historian of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, details in definitive fashion the concept of the Messiah as found in the Old Testament, the Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha, and the ancient Bible commentaries, and concludes with a comparative essay on "The Jewish and the Christian Messiah."

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ESPECIALLY FOR LENT: Two books are especially designed for reading at this time of year: **"Behold the Glory,"** by Chad Walsh (Harper, $2) and **"Christ Speaks from the Cross,"** by Gardiner M. Day, rector of Massachusetts' Christ Church Parish (Seabury Press, $2.25). Among other books which explore the depths of religious conviction are **"The Living Bread,"** by Thomas Merton, Father Louis of the Order of Cistercians (Farrar Straus & Cudahy, $3); **"Toward a Mature Faith"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95), a personal confession of faith by Erwin R. Goodenough, who is a professor of the history of religion at Yale University; **"The Living Faith"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75), a collection of stirring sermons by the former minister and popular novelist Lloyd C. Douglas.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY: A fusion of theological doctrine and philosophical examination is the object of such books as **"Words of Faith"** (Philosophical Library, $2.75), six lectures by the French Catholic and Nobel Prize-winner François Mauriac; **"Beginnings in Theology"** (Association Press, $3), by Jack Finegan, who is an editor of *The Journal of Bible and Religion*; **"The Great Invitation and Other Sermons"** (Westminster Press, $3), by Emil Brunner, the internationally-known scholar teaching at the University of Zurich; **"True Morality and Its Counterfeits"** (David McKay, $3), by Dietrich von Hildebrand, professor of philosophy at Fordham University, and Alice Jourdain of Hunter College, contains wide-ranging discussion on the theological implications of morality. More detailed illustrations of how to translate ethical teachings into everyday practice are provided by James A. Pike, Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, in his **"Doing the Truth"** (Doubleday, $2.95).

HISTORICAL STUDIES: Both modern and ancient history receive much attention in the new books. On the cultural and historic relationship between Jews and the Islamic world we have two pertinent studies: **"Jews and Arabs: Their Contacts through the Ages"** (Noonday Press, $4), by S. D. Goitein, a professor of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, and **"Judaism in Islam: Biblical and Talmudic Backgrounds of the Koran and Its Commentaries"** (New York University Press, $7.50), by Abraham I. Katsh, chairman of the Department of Hebrew culture and Education at New York University, whose close textual studies reveal significant ties. By way of a comparative study of religio-historical customs and traditions, Theodor H. Gaster of Dropsie College offers a comprehensive survey in **"The Holy and the Profane: Evolution of Jewish Folkways"** (William Sloane Assoc., $4). Covering similarly extensive ground, Gerald Heard, a prolific writer and original thinker, outlines man's quest for an understanding of himself and the universe in **"The Human Venture"** (Harper, $4).

The growth of religious organizations in the United States is clearly treated in a number of representative histories. **"They Seek a Country: The American Presbyterians"** (Macmillan Co., $4.75), edited by Gaius Jackson Slosser of the Western Theological Seminary, features leading religious scholars who discuss principal aspects of Presbyterianism. **"Why I Am a Methodist"** (Thomas Nelson, $2.75), by Roy L. Smith, a minister and indefatigable lecturer, goes beyond personal reminiscences to outline the aim and influence of Methodism here and abroad. Abdel Ross Wentz, a member of various Lutheran Church councils and church historian, has written **"A Basic History of Lutheranism in America"** (Muhlenberg Press, $5), which is an inclusive study of the subject reaching back to Colonial times. The role and aims of **"Conservative Judaism: An American Religious Movement"** (Free Press, $4.50) is explained by Marshall Sklare, a research director for the American Jewish Committee.

ANTHOLOGIES: Of special interest to Catholics is **"The Wisdom of Catholicism"** (Random House, $2.45), edited by Anton C. Pegis, president of Toronto's Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Canada, which brings between two covers numerous monuments of Catholic writings from St. Ignatius of Antioch to the contemporary works of Etienne Gilson. **"All Manner of Men"** (P. J. Kenedy, $3.50), edited by author and lecturer Riley Hughes, is a culling of representative fiction from active American Catholic periodicals. For Jews there is **"A Book of Jewish Curiosities"** (Crown Publishers, $3.50), a selection of brief wisdom-sayings from classical Jewish literature edited by David M. Hansdorff. Harold U. Ribalow offers an ambitious roundup of cultural and religious views, drawn primarily from Jewish periodicals, in his **"Mid-Century: An Anthology of Jewish Life and "Culture in Our Times"** (Beechhurst Press, $6).

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Tourist in Russia—IV: Does Macy's Tell Gum's?

—*Horace Sutton.*

Inside Moscow's Gum Department Store—Matrons in astrakhan, peasants in boots, and on the shelves "Kremlin" perfume, in the handy, Kremlin-shaped bottle.

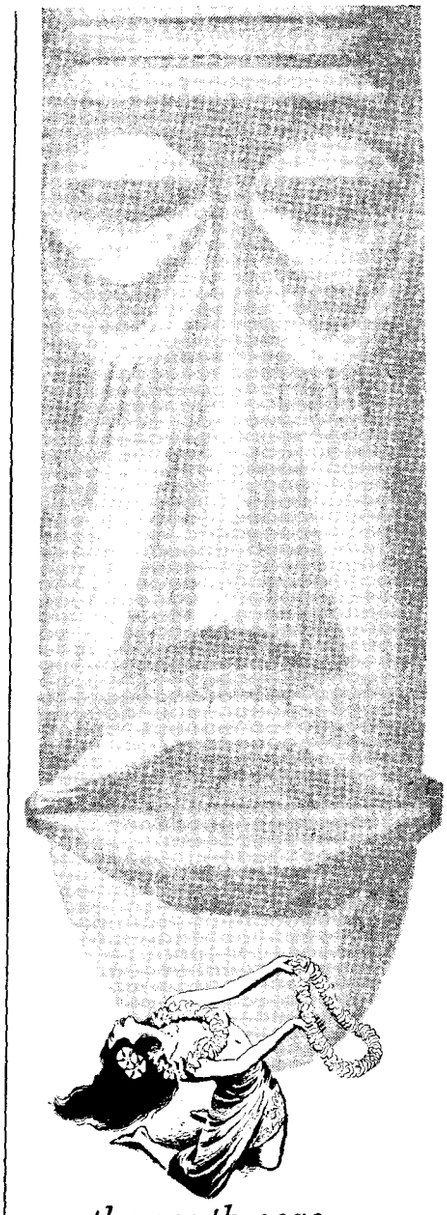
THE midnight express that rolls the 400 miles from Leningrad to Moscow every night of the week is called the *Red Arrow*. For the nine-hour excursion from Russia's window on Europe to the present center of the Communist world foreign tourists are offered space in the "soft" car or the International Car. I'm not at all sure that you'll have a better chance to meet and mingle with Russians in the "soft" accommodations than in the International Car, for the night I rode the *Red Arrow* I didn't come across another foreigner on the entire train. A ticket in "soft" will net you one of two lower berths in a private compartment, with the bath down the hall. When it comes to roommates you'll have to take pot-luck.

On the International Car, a class I came to think of as "softer-than-soft," you draw an upper or a lower berth in a private compartment that also contains an upholstered chair, a permanent table and lamp, blue plush drapes (which the Russians call "ploosh"), café curtains, canned music, and a bathroom that connects with an adjoining compartment. It costs $20 extra for the International Car but, although there's no telling who will be in the other berth here either, chances are you'll meet a better class roommate on the softer-than-soft.

Business was slow my night on the *Red Arrow*, for I drew no roommate at all. My shareholder in the joint bathroom was a Russian general. A samovar boiled gently through the night, watched over by a white-coated attendant. We made one stop. In the small hours of the Russian night I was sent scattering by the sudden blare of a loudspeaker in the depot. It was 5:20 A.M.

Some three hours later, when I finally arose, I was just about to enter the joint washroom to shave when I saw the indicator on my side flip to a word that unmistakably meant "occupied." While I awaited the general a lady vendor knocked on the door, there being no diner, and offered caviar sandwiches, cheese, salmon, and cookies. I had already secured a pint bottle of mineral water from the porter the night before, and since eggs in that form seemed a little *bourgeois* at that hour of the day, and cheese altogether unappealing, I settled for a cookie. The porter brought tea from the samovar and the lady vendor asked for four rubles, or one dollar.

With the train approaching Moscow at a rapid clip and the general, according to the indicator, still holding the washroom I decided to venture out in the hall to reconnoiter. I found him sitting with his door open, in his underwear top and red-striped, blue uniformed trousers, surprised and outflanked. After considerable gesticulation he understood that he had forgotten to open the lock on my side, and he rushed to accommodate me. I just scraped the last lather off as we jerked to a stop in Moscow. An



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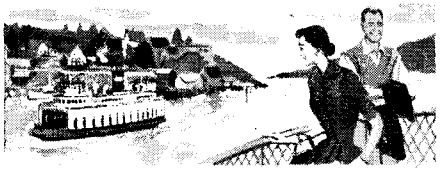

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Intourist guide had delivered me to the railroad station in Leningrad the night before and now two Russians made directly for my compartment the minute the train arrived. One spoke passable English, but his companion, who wore a fine blue coat with a gray astrakhan collar and high gray astrakhan hat to match, spoke nothing but Russian, and I was at a loss to determine his function. My greeters had in tow a porter wearing a white apron over his quilted uniform, and the interpreter informed me that Intourist was obliged to pay the porter a fee for two pieces of my luggage and that if there were more bags I would have to pay the additional charge myself. I tipped the sleeping-car porter a five-ruble note, which he accepted without protest, and we rode to the National Hotel in a long black Zim.

Tourists arriving in Moscow will stand a two-out-of-three chance of drawing a hotel facing the Kremlin. Intourist is now assigning travelers to the National, where Lenin stayed when the Government first moved to Moscow (and in whose television room Burgess and Maclean appeared for five minutes recently), to the Moskva (built just before the last war), and to the ancient Metropole, in whose ballroom Lenin addressed the first Moscow meeting of the Central Committee of the Soviet. The Moskva sits cater-corner to the National and both have a stupendous view of the Kremlin's walls and towers a block away. The Metropole is just up the street.

Any tourist possessed of three rubles, or seventy-five cents, and a ticket available for the asking from the service desk of Intourist in each hotel can breach the Kremlin walls without further ado. While public visits are not permitted to legislative buildings, or to Lenin's suite of rooms, travelers will be taken to the Armory Chamber, which contains a considerable amount of ancient bric-a-brac including the ivory throne of Ivan the Terrible, the gold and jeweled throne of Boris Goudonov, and the double thrones of Ivan and Peter when they were joint juvenile rulers advised by their older sister Sophia, who sat behind them hidden by a curtain. On hand, too, is the baby carriage of Peter the Great, the blanket for a tsar's horse made of the skins of 1,000 parrots, and the fourteen-window sleigh in which Peter's daughter Elizabeth slid over the ice from St. Petersburg to Moscow.

Next door to the Armory Chamber is the Supreme Council of the USSR, presided over by President Voroshilov, but of considerable interest to the crowds of Russian sightseers was the row of American-built cars of

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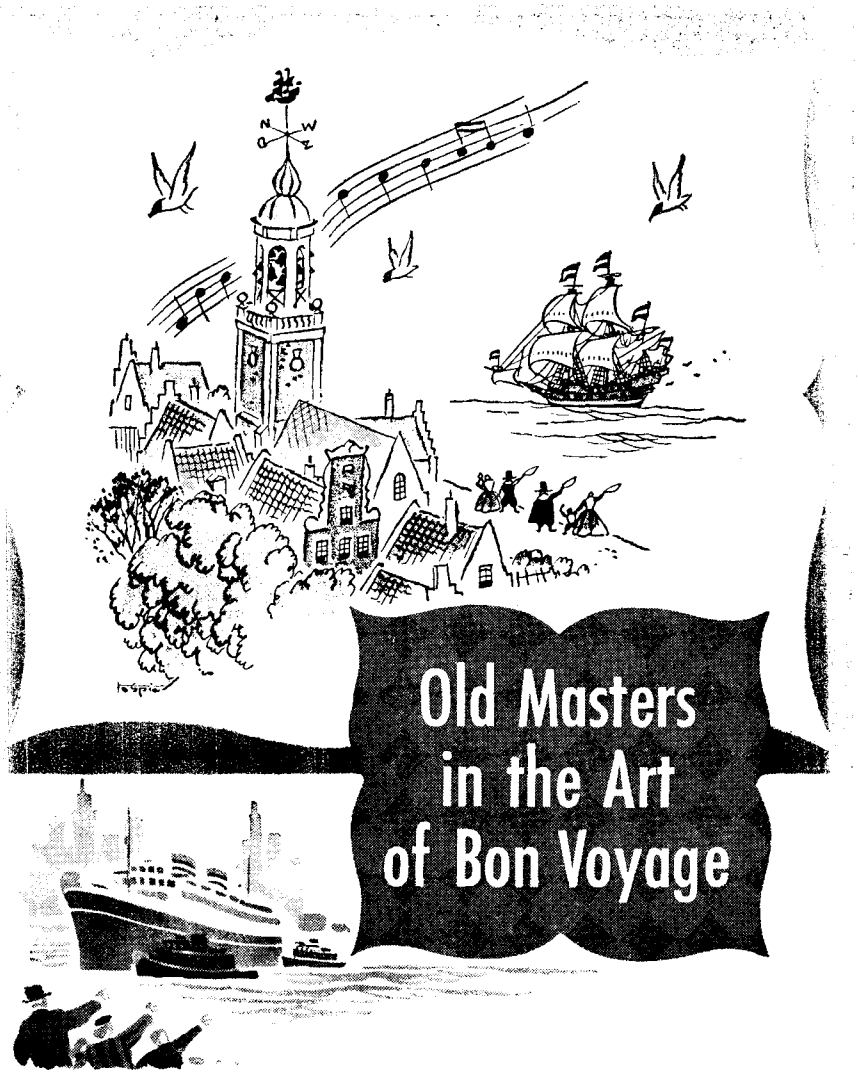
the diplomatic corps drawn up in a row in the courtyard. Schoolchildren looked in awe, too, at the Great Tsar Bell, which fell in the fire of 1737, two years after it had been hung, breaking off a piece that weighs eleven tons. And they lifted each other up to look down the barrel of the Great Tsar Cannon, which weighs forty tons, has a three-foot caliber, and was built in 1586.

As I cabled from Moscow (*SR* Jan. 21, 1956), the Kremlin is indeed a dazzling sight at night, with five red stars glowing atop the Kremlin towers and floodlights showing off the gold of the three cathedrals inside the fortress walls. The stars were mounted on the twentieth anniversary of the October Revolution, are made of ruby glass, and each weighs one ton. As for the cathedrals, they have become, in Russia's atheistic society, religious museums. Strangely, a guard at the door reminds you to take off your hat.

The Assumption Cathedral is covered with icons that are older than the building and represent a collection gleaned from all over Russia. Here, until the capital moved to St. Petersburg, Russia's tsars were crowned, among them Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, Catherine the Great, and an assortment of Alexanders and Nicholases. Bishops are buried under the floor along the walls, and in an honored place in the corner, covered by a brass cage and topped by a gold cupola, lie the remains of a Metropolitan tortured and murdered by the Poles in 1612.

Crowned in the Assumption Cathedral, buried in the Arkangelsky Cathedral, the tsars spent most of their worshiping time in the Annunciation Cathedral, or Home Church, their private house of religion. Its most interesting corner is the covered and glassed-in gallery where Ivan the Terrible, excommunicated after his fourth marriage, worshiped alone. Denied admittance to the cathedral, he first waited outside, then to make things a bit more comfortable had his *al fresco* waiting place enclosed and attached.

Leaving the Kremlin by the Spassky Gate (a name which the Soviets still retain although it means "Savior's" Gate) one bursts upon Red Square, with the mausoleum of Lenin and Stalin to the left, the huge Gum Department Store in front, and the humpty-dumpty configuration of St. Basil's Cathedral to the right. With nine chapels inside and ten colorful cupolas on top, St. Basil's was built not in the somber religious aspect of a regular church, but in the gaiety of Ivan's conquest of the Tartars. Services were held once a year to



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commemorate the suppression of the Tartar tribes who rampaged the southern extremities of Russia.

If you see a line of Soviet citizens in Red Square it will either be crawling slowly towards the mausoleum to see the bodies of Stalin and Lenin, which are on public view for a few hours five days a week, or else it will be snaking into the Gum to buy merchandise in short supply. One day the line forms for inexpensive Persian-type rugs, another day the police control a pushing queue waiting a chance to buy rubbers and overshoes. A pair of rubbers costs $6.50 at the U.S. rate of exchange, and ankle-height galoshes are $12 a pair.

The Gum is a mammoth maze of booths and stalls covered by a huge skylight. Bridges and catwalks criss-cross the second and third floors, fountains burble in the center of promenades. A peasant woman in a quilted jacket and brown boots, a scarf tied over her head, leans on a ledge and eats a baloney sandwich manufactured from fixings she carries in a sack. Alongside her a Moscow matron in astrakhan coat nibbles on a forty-five cent popsicle. Nine-dollar ties sell opposite bread; caviar, if you can get near the counter, costs about $18 a pound, half the Stateside price, but here you can buy it only in small jars or four-pound cans.

Souvenirs are grouped in one glass-enclosed store, in deference to the visitor, but the prices are forbidding. A tea-glass holder embossed with a Moscow scene costs $74, lacquered boxes with a view of the Kremlin are $80, with a view of Moscow $104, with hand-painted pastoral scenes $203. About all the tourist from Western countries can touch are round, painted boxes, good for cigarettes, at $2 to $5, and perhaps an inexpensive balalaika at eleven dollars.

For the Russians there are heaters, fans with rubber blades, and a new vacuum cleaner on wheels which goes for $85. Fringed lampshades that decorated the homes of Riverside Drive when I was a boy on that avenue cost $35 in peach, $40 in lime, and $80 for a hue of apricot.

A new gift shop has opened on Gorki Street just a few blocks from Gum's and handy to the main tourist hotels. But, while the merchandise seems to have been gathered for the express interest of the foreign visitor, the prices would blanch Aristotle Socrates Onassis. A letter-opener carved out of Ural stone is yours for $70; tiny sleighs, reindeers, and carved skiers are in the $200 bracket; embroidered do-it-yourself slipper tops are $42; a Kiev camera, Russia's copy of a Contax, is $595.

To inspire the Socialist male there are sweet-smelling bottles labeled *odekolon*, and such dazzling scents as "Our Moscow," and (at $7) the perfume the Westerners love best, perhaps because it is called, with romantic succinctness, "Kremlin" and comes in the handy, unmistakable Kremlin-shaped bottle.

In the gift shops, in the Gum, and at counters in the airports you can shop for candy which comes in tin boxes decorated with scenes of hydroelectric plants, a prospect guaranteed to stir the Soviet soul. (An interpreter once told me that he could hardly imagine any more interesting newspaper reading than an account by teams of top Soviet journalists of their visit to a new hydroelectric plant.) I have come to believe that making electricity is about as fascinating a subject in Russia as making love is anywhere else. —HORACE SUTTON.

P.E.N. for Peace

Continued from page 10

ways been the plea of "public order" and the French and Belgium delegations promptly moved to have the resolution altered.

The delegates to the Congresses do not of course spend all their time weighing matters of policy. The yearly meetings are also delightful social events, a gathering place of writers from all over the world who want to enjoy one another's ideas and company and to exchange notes on the problems of the craft. During the rest of the year there is a great deal of informal visiting back and forth, with each P.E.N. member made welcome in any country he visits that has a P.E.N. center.

Most writers enjoy talking to their fellow professionals, especially if the discussion is brisk, well informed, and argumentative; and when the American center gave its first dinner in 1922, at the Coffee House Club in New York, the youthful editor of *The Bookman* noted with approval the liveliness of the conversation. "If there were not some good quarreling," he remarked on one occasion of the P.E.N. dinners, "they would be failures." When he himself became president in 1951 he started a system of his own to assure some "good quarreling"—a panel of speakers at each monthly dinner who were chosen for the intelligence and vigor of their opinions. They were firmly allowed five minutes apiece, and a brass elephant bell from India kept them from indulging in overtime.

The increased social liveliness that John Farrar brought to the American Center in 1951 coincided with a period in which the United States was gathering momentum in its swing toward internationalism. The headquarters of the U.N. is an outward sign of a new state of things. Some people say that writers are so individualistic that they cannot stick together. Nevertheless, thousands of writers of alien cultures and differing points of view have stayed together in a world organization for thirty-five years and, what is more to the point, have never betrayed the basic idealism that brought them together in the first place.

Writers have their melancholy moments, and they sometimes feel they have very little influence in a gray world of armaments and power politics. As Forster said in 1944, "We cannot hope to cut any ice." But he added cheerfully, "we may suceed in melting a little," and it is to that magnificently realistic objective that the International P.E.N. has addressed itself.

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Military Strategy

Continued from page 8

minds in the Kremlin—but its "backblast" was much greater, and more measurable, in the countries on the other side of the Atlantic. For their inhabitants, so much closer to Russia and her new strategic bombing forces, were quick to remember that seven months earlier—in August 1953—the Russians had produced an explosion of the H-Bomb kind. This new "Bikini suit" left them feeling completely naked. Countries which were not already members of NATO became more chary of joining it, while a good many people in the member countries began to wonder whether it had been wise to accept the risks of such bomb-attracting protection.

The American statements tended to create the impression that we were saying in effect: "If the Communists tread on our toes we must immediately commit suicide by blowing ourselves up along with them." The anxiety aroused by the implications of Gruenther's speech was not diminished by his assurance that: "We have a long-range aircraft to which the Soviet now have no answer. I refer to the plane B-47. . . . That plane can fly and drop atomic weapons—and drop them accurately." For experience had already brought disturbing evidence of intelligence underestimates about Russian technical progress in the air, too.

WE MUST now face the question whether the traditional terms about war—"win the battle," "win the war," "bringing the war to a successful conclusion" (all these taken from a speech of Field Marshal Montgomery's in October 1954) have any proper meaning today. The answer is, they have not. They are entirely out of date.

In October 1955 Field Marshal Montgomery delivered another lecture on "Organization for War in Modern Times." He began by saying: "I have chosen this title because it is my view that our defense organization today is *not* suited for modern times. Having made this seemingly destructive criticism, let us see if we can construct something sensible from the ashes; and ashes there will continue to be if we are not careful." He ended by saying: "I now put it to you that the words 'win' or 'lose' no longer apply to contests between nations which have nuclear power of any magnitude. . . . I have been studying nuclear war for a considerable time and I have come to the conclusion that man will have it in his power

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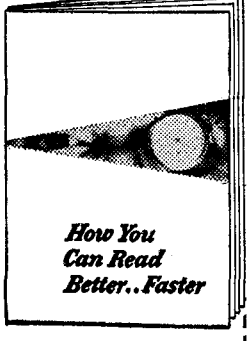

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in the future to destroy himself and every living thing on this planet. . . . Our aim must be to prevent war; the prospect of winning or losing is not a profitable subject." That was a significant contrast to his way of talking the year before.

The body of his lecture, however, did not show a corresponding change in the way of thinking. It was packed full of good sense about the conduct of *war*—a masterly criticism of the defects in our present organization for "global war," and excellent guidance about the remedies. But, despite what he said at the start and at the end, his proposals were based on the premise that the conduct of war—"world war in which nuclear weapons would certainly be used by both sides"—was a profitable subject. While emphasizing the "increased tempo of war," and the obsoleteness of plans for mobilizing national forces and resources "after the outbreak of war," he nevertheless proceeded on the assumption that in a future war there would again be a prolonged struggle in the air, on land, and at sea. That is very dubious. The contradiction between his working assumption throughout the lecture and his conclusion at the end of it exemplified the state of confusion that now prevails in military thinking and planning, even in the most practically-minded quarters.

PRESENT defense planning has become unrealistic, and dangerously unrealistic, particularly since the development of the thermonuclear weapon —the hydrogen bomb. All *military* thinking is "out of its depth." It is striving to adjust itself to the atomic era, but while its recent adjustments are large relatively to the past they are small relatively to the new conditions—where we have to reckon with weapons that can produce the equivalent of thousands of "Hiroshimas" simultaneously. Once such weapons are used it is hardly conceiveable that a war could continue, even in the "broken-backed" form pictured by Sir Winston Churchill two years ago. The conduct of war is a matter of "organized action," and this collapses where chaos reigns.

The newly created Air Defense Command of the United States admitted in 1954 that even "a 90 per cent effective defense might not be good enough to guarantee national survival," since fifty thermonuclear bombs "could be enough to paralyze the country, its industrial machine, and its will to go on fighting." Other experts are of the opinion that less than a dozen might prove enough. But a 90 per cent effective defense is only a distant hope. Regarding the near future, the Chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, Mr. Cole, has said: "At best—and this is very optimistic—we might intercept as many as one out of every four Soviet bombers."

In the case of Britain, where the vital targets are closely grouped, five to ten hydrogen bombs would almost certainly suffice to annihilate all its main centers of industry, comprising half the population of the country. Even fewer would suffice to wipe out the vital centers of France, Belgium, Holland, and Western Germany. Moreover, such calculations are confined to material effects. It is wise to bear in mind that paralysis and collapse can be produced by moral effect even where destruction does not take place. To avert such a catastrophe air defense would need to attain almost 100 per cent effectiveness at the outset, and that is hardly conceivable.

As for the notion which figures so largely in Pentagon and SHAPE pronouncements, that the primary mission of our bombing forces is to knock out Russia's means of delivering nuclear attacks, there is a vast gap between theory and practical possibility. The theory is a "hangover" from pre-nuclear warfare. It takes too little account of the infinite problems of locating, reaching, and effectively eliminating the many and widespread airfields from which Russian strategic bombers might be launched *before* these could drop the relatively few H-bombs that would be sufficient to wreck our main industrial centers. The theory is becoming even more out of date with the development of means of very short or zero-length take-off, from small airstrips anywhere in the countryside—a development in which the Russians are believed to be already ahead of the West.

Even if a new-type air defense could, with perfected air-to-air or ground-to-air missiles, attain 100 per cent effectiveness of interception against bombers, we would be left with the appalling problem of defense against bombardment by rockets and other ground-to-ground missiles with nuclear war heads. There is no means in existence of warding off such missiles, and a very dim prospect of developing any counter-means. The outlook is the more grave because Britain and her neighbors are already within range of missile bombardment from Russian-occupied territory, while it will still be a long time before the IBM (intercontinental ballistic missile) is

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 14, 20, 1, 16, 4, 3, 10, 5, 8, 19, 15, 9, 13, 11, 12, 2, 18, 17, 6.

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available as a deterrent. Senator Jackson, chairman of the Senate sub-committee on atomic weapons, has just revealed that there is "reason to believe" that Russia has a supersonic missile which could deliver a hydrogen warhead to targets 1,500 miles distant—thus being able to strike at any of the NATO countries and "virtually all" America's overseas air bases.

The situation would become perilously ill-balanced if a mutual check on conventional bombing should be instituted by an air defense of some new type, while Russia continues to have the power of bombarding the NATO countries in Europe with nuclear-headed missiles.

THE DEVELOPMENT of long-range missiles makes it all the clearer that the only safeguard against nuclear attack lies in maintaining the *deterrent* power of nuclear retaliation. This is, however, a very potent check on an attack of such a kind, or on any attack that presents a vital threat. For it would be the blindest and rashest of gambles for any power now to base a war-plan on annulling the other side's ability to deliver a deadly retort. The idea of a surprise "knock-out" blow is absurd where there are innumerable airstrips from which H-bombers might take off, and to bank on it would be as foolish as staking one's life on picking out a "needle in a haystack." A realization of that fact is a corrective to the widespread fear of a "Pearl Harbor" surprise stroke by the Russians (and to any suggestion for a "preventive" stroke).

But a new and very dangerous complication has arisen from the 1954 decision to base the preparation and training of the Western forces on the use of *tactical* atomic weapons. For this has much increased the risk that from some local conflict a war of mutual annihilation might develop—unintended by either side.

The main argument in 1950 for building up the NATO land forces and tactical forces—at immense effort and expenditure—was that they would provide an effective and safer substitute for the atomic bomb as a deterrent to aggression. That argument has been weakened by the adoption of atomic weapons for the use of these forces. Field-Marshal Montgomery himself has stated that with this decision "we have reached the point of no return as regards the use of atomic and thermonuclear weapons in a hot war"—*i.e.*, it would mean the strategic use of H-bombs, on the homelands, as well as of tactical atomic weapons.

The argument for this fateful step—potentially fatal—has been that it is the only way to counterbalance the potential attacker's much larger numbers of men, now that NATO ground strength has fallen short of the scale originally planned by SHAPE. That was brought out in Montgomery's announcement: "The reason for this action is that we cannot match the strength that could be brought against us unless we use nuclear weapons." On a numerical reckoning it was a reasonable conclusion, and the argument for it has since been emphasized by the increasing drain away of the French forces to North Arifca and the increasing delay in the formation of the German forces. The soldiers responsible for defense planning naturally desire the maximum possible insurance, and it is not their responsibility to judge whether the increase of battlefield insurance offered by nuclear weapons is outweighed by the increased risk of chaos and collapse in the homelands.

In bowing to the military argument for such extra insurance the states-

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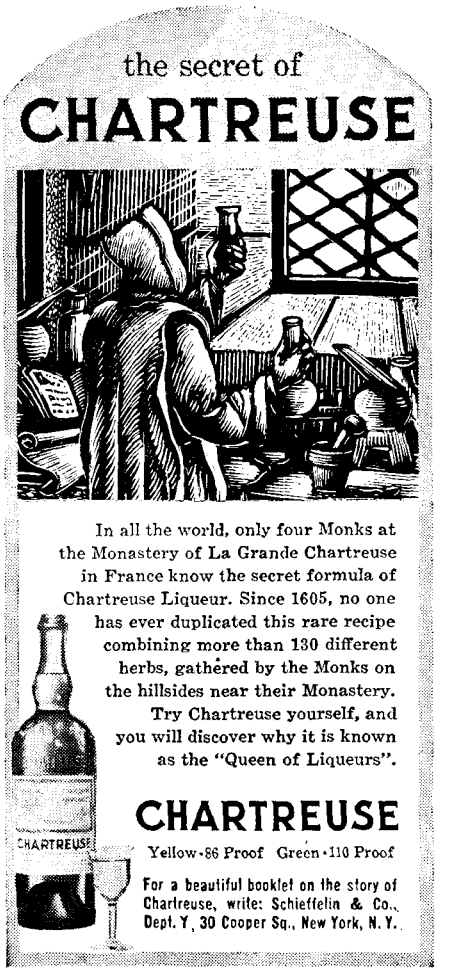
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men may hopefully think that they can restrain its employment until the need is certain. But this is a frail hope. There is much greater risk in equipping armies with nuclear weapons than air forces, since armies are posted in more advanced positions. Commanders will always tend to use every weapon they possess rather than risk their troops being overrun—and in that immediate concern are apt to lose sight of wider issues. Moreover, once doctrine and organization are established on a particular weapon-basis an almost irresistible pressure is generated. Such pressure becomes all the more certain now that medium field artillery can be provided with atomic ammunition. *But the value of these armies is essentially that of providing a non-suicidal safeguard against attack. Arming them with nuclear weapons runs counter to the case for maintaining them. In that form they may all too easily increase the risks of spreading a local conflict into a general conflagration without diminishing the fatal prospect.*

Nor is there much real value in equipping the NATO armies and tactical air forces with nuclear weapons if, as at present visualized, the tactical use of such weapons is to be merely an addition to strategic bombing, and not an alternative to it. As an addition it increases the risk of turning a local and limited conflict into an all-out war, while carrying little or no benefit in that event. The highly organized NATO armies could not maintain a defense once their homeland sources of supply were wrecked—and if their homelands were annihilated their purpose would have vanished.

The outstanding fact of the H-bomb age is that war has become obviously suicidal. This is the main deterrent to the kind of attack that SHAPE is planning and preparing to meet. Massive attack by "conventional" forces only is now very unlikely. For it will be obvious to a calculating aggressor that the less we are able to check it with similar forces the more probable that we should be driven to retort with H-bombs. The present policy of building up, for combined use, strategic air forces with the H-bomb *plus* conventional armies with atomic artillery *plus* tactical air forces with atomic bombs is a policy that combines maximum cost with minimum value. It does not fit the most *probable* contingency—that of local and limited aggression by a combination of political subversion with guerrilla-type action. Nuclear bombs, shells, and missiles are only effective against *massive* targets—cities, industrial centers, or large concentrations of troops. They are as unsuited to counter a guerrilla-like infiltration as it would be to use an axe in trying to ward off a cloud of gnats, while being far more dangerous in such circumstances to our friends than to our elusive foes. To meet such a contingency, the best insurance is an extensive gendarmerie backed by "fire-brigade" forces of high efficiency and mobility, in a state of constant readiness. Short-service conscripts are not fitted for such tasks, and the organization required is very different from that of the present NATO forces—as well as being far less costly.

THERE are thus great potential advantages in a more radical change of defense policy than has yet been tried, and relying principally on the deterrent of nuclear retaliation while keeping only sufficient ground forces to deal with frontier encroachments and internal trouble. The fear that such retaliation might be unleashed if the incursion became serious would tend to make the policy very effective. *Indeed, the smaller the forces on the ground the greater such a deterrent might prove to be.* For a decision to cut down the NATO armies to mere policing forces might well be regarded by any potential aggressor as a sign of our determination to use the nuclear weapon, whereas the continued maintenance of large ground forces by NATO looks like a sign of hesitation. It might lead aggressors to count on our hesitation continuing until their aim was achieved.

If the leaders of the West intend to use the nuclear weapon in case of war, and believe in its unlimited use in that event, they might be expected to show the courage of their convictions by adopting this radical change of policy now, and reshaping their forces to fit it. The change would make possible an immense reduction in the costs of defense, thus relieving the present economic strain.

But with its potential advantages it carries a fundamental drawback —that if it fails as a deterrent, and has to be put into action, it will probably result in immediate suicide for civilization. Moreover, the consequences of unlimited war with nuclear weapons are so frightful that the prospect causes hesitation, delay, and feebleness in reacting to any aggression which is not obviously a vital threat.

Is there a safer and better alternative? The best chance to avoid suicide would naturally lie in confining nuclear weapons to the immediate battlefield. Even the second stage in depth —their use against the aggressor's Lines of Communication area—would involve a heavy additional handicap,

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since the British and American forces will be operating overseas and their seaport advanced bases will be more vulnerable than the other side's land communications. So there would be compensating advantages for the Western powers in confining nuclear action to the battlefield, which is also the most practicable differential, and perhaps the only one that will allow the defense a chance of profiting by unconventional weapons without precipitating an all-out war.

The safest course of all in defense would be to rely on conventional forces using purely conventional weapons. Is the course really so impossible, militarily and economically, as the NATO Governments and SHAPE have come to assume? Russia and her satellites from a total population of 300,000,000 maintain standing armies of about 260 active divisions—of which perhaps 160 face westward. The NATO countries have a population of 230,000,000 in Europe, and 400,000,000 in total, yet produce barely twenty active divisions (of which the majority are not ready for action) to cover the western and central area of Europe. Indeed, the defense of this area really depends at present on the American and British contingents, which together amount to ten divisions. The extreme disparity of ground forces is not due to disparity of available manpower, so must be due basically to deficiency of will or defective organization. Neither is "impossible" to remedy. *It makes no sense that the NATO countries should continue to live in mortal fear of a group inferior in population and resources, and remain impaled on the horns of a "defeat or suicide" dilemma.*

A Western division contains nearly double the number of men—to feed, maintain, and move—as the Sovet type, and more than double the number of vehicles, without being appreciably stronger in firepower. Yet, basically, the defending side—operating in its own territory—should not need as high a scale of supply and transport as an attacker coming from a long distance away.

The prevailing view of the Western leaders that a serious invasion cannot be repelled without using strategic as well as tactical nuclear weapons, and framing their plans on that basis, amounts to nothing better than a despairing acceptance of suicide in the event of any major aggression. Nothing could be more expressive of hopelessness, and more damping to the spirit of their people. These governments will be unworthy of their trust unless they tackle the problem of developing a non-suicidal form of defense and providing the minimum military strength required for it.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1145

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

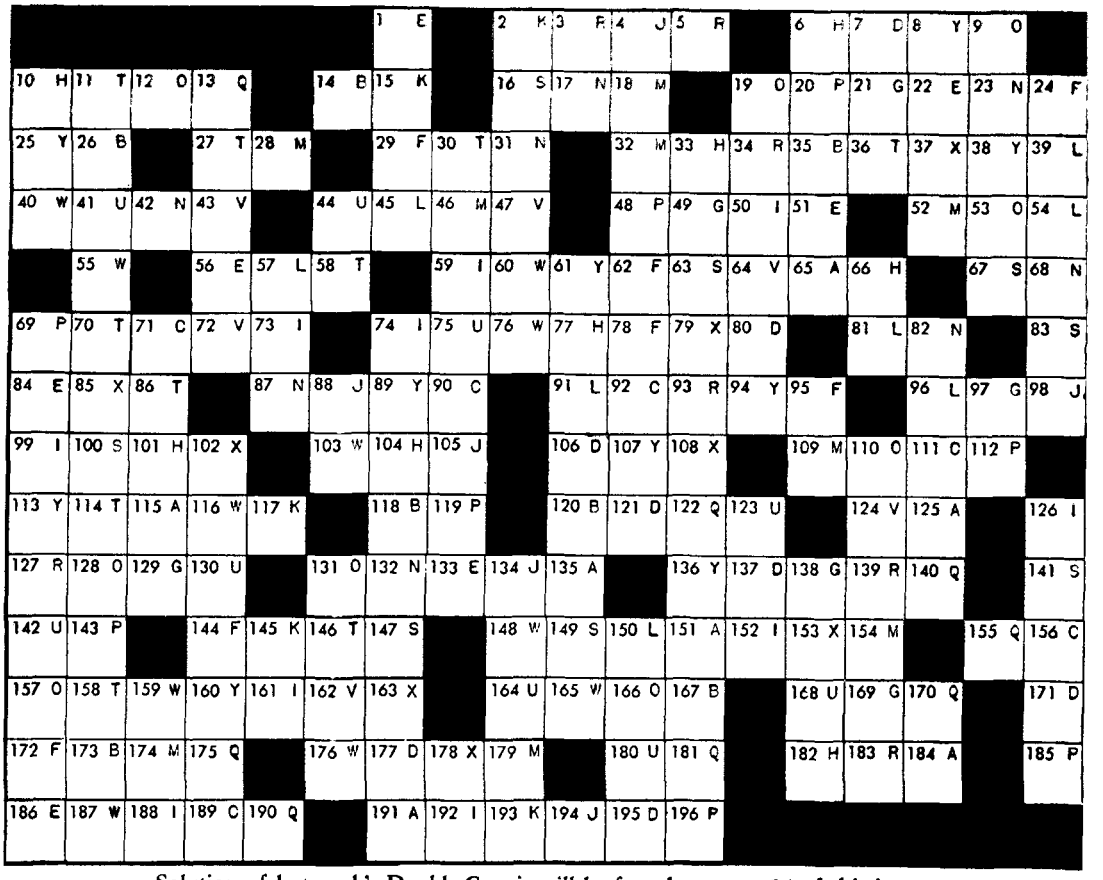
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Abstract sculpture typically made of sheet metal, wire, wood, with no moving parts	125 151 115 191 65 135 184
B. Univ. of Calif. prof., with B P Bowne exponent of doctrine of personalism (1834-1916).	167 14 173 118 26 120 35
C. Exerting every possible energy and resource (comp.).	71 111 189 92 156 90
D. Abnormally wicked; extravagant term often used as a coarsely humorous intensive	80 195 121 137 171 177 106 7
E. A yearly income.	84 133 56 186 1 22 51
F. Author of "Joe Miller's Jest Book," 1739	144 172 29 78 62 24 95
G. Specifying certain queer-headed fish, or clerical headgear.	21 169 97 138 129 4
H. Issued or resulted from (2 wds.).	10 101 33 6 66 104 77 182
I. Capable of being reduced, brought to a conclusion.	74 192 59 126 73 161 50 188 99 152
J. Open declaration.	134 194 88 105 4 98
K. Town in Azerbaidzhan, foot of Caucasus Mts., chief industry silkworm breeding.	15 145 117 2 193
L. Foolishness; mild insanity.	96 45 91 81 150 57 54 39
M. To dapple, spot (2 wds.).	28 174 18 32 179 109 46 154 52
N. Span by making a graceful curve above (2 wds.).	132 23 87 17 82 68 31 42

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Tabulation of the hour in different parts of the world, with reference to some one standard (2 wds.).	9 110 19 12 131 128 53 157 166
P. Home station for helicopters.	185 69 112 20 48 143 196 119
Q. Things unpleasant to look at.	122 175 170 13 155 181 190 140
R. President of C.I.O., time of recent amalgamation with A.F.L.	93 139 34 127 183 3 5
S. Physicist's word for the "wave" form of a quantity varying regularly between two peak heights (comp.).	63 100 141 16 149 67 147 83
T. Followed by Word U, title of Goethe's sentimental autobiographical novel (2 wds.)	36 30 86 146 11 114 70 27 58 158
U. See Word T (2 wds.)	180 44 164 41 123 168 142 75 130
V. American contemporary novelist, in private life Mrs Louis H. Bash.	47 124 43 64 72 162
W. Accusation, admitted but called "soft," in "The Rivals."	165 187 76 159 55 148 103 176 60 116 40
X State of being without bumps or irregularities.	37 85 79 178 153 108 102 163
Y. Holder for such items as traveling rugs, featuring two long leather strips (2 wds.).	89 107 8 136 160 25 94 38 61 113

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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